THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

JONES—By Lloyd Osbourne

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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JONES

THERE WAS A QUEUE DOWN THE STREET

The Chronicle of a Courtship by Pursuit

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

I COULD have taken "No" like a man, and would have gone away decently and never bothered her again. I told her so straight out in the first angry flush of my rejection—but this string business, with everything left hanging in the air, so to speak, made a fellow feel like thirty cents.

"It simply means that I'm engaged and you are not," I said.

"It's nothing of the kind," she returned tearfully. "You're as free as free, Ezra. You can go away this moment, and never write, or anything!"

Her lips trembled as she said this, and I confess it gave me a kind of savage pleasure to feel that it was still in my power to hurt her.

It may sound unkind, but still you must admit that the whole situation was exasperating. Here was five foot five of exquisite, blooming, twenty-year-old American girlhood sending away the man she confessed to care for, because, forsooth, she would not marry before her elder sister! I always thought it was beautiful of Freddy (she was named Frederica, you know) to be always so sweet and tender and grateful about Eleanor; but sometimes gratitude can be carried altogether too far, even if you *are* an orphan, and *were* brought up by hand. Eleanor was thirty-four if a day—a nice enough woman, of course, and college-bred, and cultivated, and clever—but her long suit wasn't good looks. She was tall and bony; worshiped genius and all that; and played the violin.

"No," repeated Freddy, "I shall never, never marry before Eleanor. It would mortify her—I know it would—and make her feel that she herself had failed. She's awfully frank about those things, Ezra—surprisingly frank. I don't see why being an old maid is always supposed to be so funny, do you? It's touching and tragic in a woman who'd like to marry and who isn't asked!"

"But Eleanor must have had heaps of offers," I said. "Surely——"

"Just one."

"Well, one's something," I remarked cheerfully. "Why didn't she take him then?"

"She told me only last night that she was sorry she hadn't!"

Here, at any rate, was something to chew on. I saw a gleam of hope. Why shouldn't Eleanor marry the only one—and make us all happy!

"That was three years ago," said Freddy.

"I have loved you for four," I retorted. I was cross with disappointment. To be dashed to the ground, you know, just as I was beginning—— "Tell me some more about him," I went on. I'm a plain business man and hang on to an idea like a bulldog; once I get my teeth in they stay in, for all you may drag at me and wallop me with an umbrella—metaphorically speaking, of course.

"Tell me his name, and where he lives, and all that?"

"We were coming back from Colorado, and there was some mistake about our tickets. They sold our Pullman drawing-room twice over—to Doctor Jones and his mother, and also to ourselves. You never saw such a fight—and that led to our making friends, and his proposing to Eleanor!"

"Then why in Heaven's name didn't she" (it was on the tip of my tongue to say "jump at him") "take him?"

"She said she couldn't marry a man who was her intellectual inferior."

"And was he?"

"Oh, he was a perfect idiot—but nice, and all that, and tremendously in love with her. Pity, wasn't it?"

"The obvious thing to do is to chase him up instantly. Where did you say he lived?"

"His mother told me he was going to New York to practice medicine."

"But didn't you ever hear from him again? I mean, was that the end of it all?"

"Yes."

"Then you don't even know if he has married since?"

"No!"

"Nor died?"

"No."

"Nor anything at all?"

"No."

"What was his first name?"

"Wait a moment . . . let me think . . . yes, it was Harry."

"Just Harry Jones, then, New York City?"

Freddy laughed forlornly.

"But he must have had antecedents," I cried out. "There are two ways of doing this Sherlock Holmes business—backward and forward, you know. Let's take Doctor Jones backward. As they say in post-office forms—what was his place of origin?"

"New York City."

"He begins there and ends there, then?"

"Yes."

"But how sure are you that Eleanor would marry him if I did manage to find him and bring him back?"

"I'm not sure at all."

"No, but Freddy, listen—it's important. You told me yourself that she—I want the very identical words she used?"

Freddy reflected.

"She said she was almost sorry she hadn't accepted that silly doctor!"

"That doesn't seem much, does it?" I remarked gloomily.

"Oh, from Eleanor it does, Ezra. She said it quite seriously. She always hides her feelings under a veil of sarcastic humor, you know."

"You're certainly a very difficult family to marry," I said.

"Being an orphan——" she began.

"Well, I'm going to find that Jones *if* I——!"

"Ezra, boy dear, you're crazy. How could you think for a moment that——"

"I'm off, little girl. Good-by!"

"Wait a second, Ezra!"

She rose and went into the next room, reappearing with something in her hand. She was crying and smiling both at once. I took the little case she gave me—it was like one of those things that penknives are put in—and looked at her for an explanation.

"It's the h-h-hindleg of a j-j-jack-rabbit," she said, "shot by a g-g-grave at the f-f-full of the moon. It's supposed to be l-l-lucky. It was given to me by a naval officer who got drowned. It's the only way I can h-h-help you!"

And thus equipped I started for New York.

II

IN THE directory I found eleven pages of Joneses; three hundred and eighty-four Henry Joneses; and (excluding seventeen dentists) eighty-seven Dr. Henry Joneses. I asked one of the typists in the office to copy out the list, and prepared to wade in. We were on the eve of a labor war, and it was excessively difficult for me to get away. As the managing partner of Hodge & Westoby, boxers (not punching boxers, nor China boxers, but just plain American box-making boxers), I had to bear the brunt of the whole affair, and had about as much spare time as you could heap on a ten-cent piece. I had to be firm, conciliatory, defiant and tactful all at once, and every hour I took off for Jonesing threatened to blow the business sky-high. It was a tight place and no mistake, and it was simply jack-rabbit, hindleg luck that pulled me through!

My first Jones was a hoary old rascal above a drug store. He was a hard man to get away from, and made such a fuss about my wasting his time with idle questions that I flung him a dollar and departed. He followed me down to my cab and insisted on sticking in a giant bottle of his Dog-Root Tonic. I dropped it overboard a few blocks farther on, and thought that was the end of it till the whole street began to yell at me, and a policeman grabbed my horse, while a street arab darted up breathless with the Dog-Root Tonic. I presented it to him, together with a quarter, the policeman darkly regarding me as an incipient madman.

The second Jones was a man of about thirty, a nice, gentlemanly fellow, in a fine office. I have usually been an off-hand man in business, accustomed to quick decisions and very little beating about the bush. But I confess I was rather nonplused with the second Jones. How the devil was I to *begin?* His waiting-room was full of people, and I hardly felt entitled to sit down and gas about one thing and the other till the chance offered of leading up to the Van Coorts. So I said I had some queer, shooting sensations in the chest. In five minutes he had me half stripped and was pounding my midriff in. And the questions that man asked! He began with my grandparents, roamed through my childhood and youth, dissected my early manhood, and finally came down to coffee and what I ate for breakfast.

Then it was my turn.

I asked him, as a starter, whether he had ever been in Colorado?

No, he hadn't.

After forty-five minutes of being hammered, and stethoscoped, and punched, and holding my breath till I was purple, and hopping on one leg, he said I was a very obscure case of something with nine syllables!

"At least I won't be positive with one examination," he said; "but kindly come to-morrow at nine, when I shall be more at leisure to go into the matter thoroughly."

I paid him ten dollars and went sorrowfully away. I left him looking at my spit through a microscope.

The third Jones was too old to be my man; so was the fourth; the fifth had gone away the month before, leaving no address; the sixth, however, was younger and more promising. I thought this time I'd choose something easier than pains in the chest. I changed them to my left hand. I was going to keep my clothes on, anyhow. But it wasn't any use. Off they came. After a decent interval of thumping and grandfathers, and what I had for breakfast, I managed to get in my question:

"Ever in Colorado, Doctor?"

"Oh, dear me, no!"

Another ten dollars, and nothing accomplished!

The seventh Jones was again too old; the eighth was a pale hobbledehoy; the ninth was a loathsome quack; the tenth had died that morning; the eleventh was busy; the twelfth was a veterinary surgeon; the thirteenth was an intern living at home with his widowed sister. Colorado? No, the widowed sister was positive he had never been there. The fourteenth was a handsome fellow of about thirty-five. He looked poor and threadbare, and I had a glimpse of a shabby bed behind a screen. Patients obviously did not often come his way, and his joy at seeing me was pitiful. I had meant to try a bluff and get in my Colorado question this time free of charge; but I hadn't the heart to do it. Slight pains in the head seemed a safe complaint.

After a few questions he said he would have to make a thorough physical examination.

"No clothes off!" I protested.

"It's essential," he said, and went on with something about the radio-activity of the brain, and the vasomotor centres. The word motor made me feel like a sick automobile. I begged to keep my clothes on; I insisted; I promised to come to-morrow; but it wasn't any good, and in a few minutes he was hitting me harder than either of the two before. Maybe I was more tender! He electrocuted me extra from a switchboard, ran red-hot needles into my legs, and finally, after banging me around the room, said I was the strongest and wellest man who had ever entered his office.

"There's a lot of make-believe in medicine," he said; "but I'm one of those poor devils who can't help telling a patient the truth. There's nothing whatever the matter with you, Mr. Westoby, except that your skin has a slightly abrased look, and I seem to notice an abnormal sensitiveness to touch."

HAD CHANGED HIS NAME FROM KARAFORVOCHRISTOPHERVITCH

"Were you ever in Colorado, Doctor?" I asked while he was good enough to help me into my shirt.

"Oh, yes, I know Colorado well!"

My heart beat high.

"Some friends of mine were out there three years ago," I said. "Wouldn't it be strange if by any chance the Van Coorts——"

"Oh, I left Denver when I was a boy of fifteen."

Five dollars!

The fifteenth Jones was a doctor of divinity; the sixteenth was a tapeworm specialist; the seventeenth was too old, the eighteenth was too old, the nineteenth was too old—a trio of disappointing patriarchs. The twentieth painted out black eyes; the twenty-first was a Russian who could scarcely speak any English. He said he had changed his name from Karaforvochristophervitch to something more suited to American pronunciation. He seemed to think that Jones gave him a better chance. I sincerely hope it did. He told me that all the rest of the Jones family was in Siberia, but that he was going to bomb them out! The twenty-second was a negro. The twenty-third——! He was a tall, youngish man, narrow-shouldered, rather commonplace-looking, with beautiful blue eyes, and a timid, winning, deprecatory manner. I told him I was suffering from insomnia. After raking over my grandfathers again and bringing the family history down by stages to the very moment I was shown into his office he said he should have to ask me to undergo a thorough physical——! But I was tired of being slapped and punched and breathed on and prodded, and was bold enough to refuse point-blank. I'd rather have the insomnia! We worked up quite a fuss about it, for there was something tenacious in the fellow, for all his mild, kind, gentle ways; and I had all I could do to get off by pleading press of business. But I wasn't to escape scot-free. Medical science had to get even somehow. He compromised by stinging my eye out with belladonna. Have *you* ever had belladonna squirted in *your* eye? Well, don't!

He was sitting at the table, writing out some cabalistic wiggles that stood for bromide of potassium, when I remarked casually that it was strange how well I could always sleep in Colorado.

He laid down the pen with a sigh.

"A wonderful State—Colorado," I observed.

"To me it's the land of memories," he said. "Sad, beautiful, irrevocable memories—try tea for breakfast—do you read Browning? Then you will remember that line: 'Oh, if I——' And I insist on your giving up that cocktail before dinner."

"Some very dear friends of mine were once in Colorado," I said. "Morristown people—the Van Coorts."

"The Van Coorts!"

Doctor Jones sprang from his chair, his thin, handsome face flushing with excitement.

"Do you mean to say that you know Eleanor Van Coort?" he gasped.

"All my life."

He dropped back into the chair again and mumbled something about cigars. I was only to have blank a day. In his perturbation I believe he limited me to a daily box. He was trying—and trying very badly—to conceal the emotions I had conjured up.

"They were talking about you only yesterday," I went on. "That is, if it *was* you! A Pullman drawing-room——"

"And a mistake about the tickets," he broke out. "Yes, yes, it's them all right. Talking about me, did you say? Did Eleanor—I mean, did Miss Van Coort—express——?"

"She was wondering how she could find you," I said. "You see, they're busy getting up a house-party and she was running over her men. 'If I only knew where that dear Doctor Jones was,' she said, and then asked me, if by any possible chance——"

His fine blue eyes were glistening with all sorts of tender thoughts. It was really touching. And I was in love, too, you know.

"So she has remained unmarried," he exclaimed softly. "Unmarried—after all these years!"

"She's a very popular girl," I said. "She's had dozens of men at her feet—but an unfortunate attachment, something that seems to go back to about three years ago, has apparently determined her to stay out of the game!"

Doctor Jones dropped his head on his hands and murmured something that sounded like "Eleanor, Eleanor!" Then he looked up with one of the most radiant smiles I ever saw on a man's face. "I hope I'm not presuming on a very short acquaintance," he said, "but the fact is—why should I not tell you?—Miss Van Coort was the woman in my life!"

I explained to him that Freddy was the woman in mine.

Then you ought to have seen us fraternize!

In twenty minutes I had him almost convinced that Eleanor had loved him all these years. But he worried a lot about a Mr. Wise who had been on the same train, and a certain Colonel Hadow who had also paid Eleanor attention. Jones was a great fellow for wanting to be sure. I pooh-poohed them out of the way and gave him the open track. Then, indeed, the clouds rolled away. He beamed with joy. In his rich gush of friendship he recurred to the subject of my insomnia with a new-born enthusiasm. He subdivided all my symptoms. He dived again into my physical being. He consulted German authorities. I squirmed and lied and resisted all I could, but he said he owed me an eternal debt that could only be liquidated by an absolute cure. He wanted to tie me up and shoot me with an X-ray. He ordered me to wear white socks. He had a long, terrifying look at a drop of my blood. He jerked hairs out of my head to sample my nerve force. He said I was a baffling subject, but that he meant to make me well if it took the last shot in the scientific locker. And he wound up at last by refusing point-blank to be paid a cent!

I waltzed away on air to write an account of the whole affair to Freddy, and dictate a plan of operations. I was justified in feeling proud of myself. Most men would have tamely submitted to their fate instead of chasing up all the Joneses of Jonesville! Freddy sent me an early answer—a gay, happy, overflowing little note—telling me to try and engage Doctor Jones for a three-day house-party at Morristown. I was to telegraph when he could come, and was promised an official invitation from Mrs. Matthewman. (She was the aunt, you know, that they lived with—one of those old porcelain ladies with a lace cap and a rent-roll.) However, I could not do anything for two days, for we had reached a crisis in the labor troubles, and matters were approaching the breaking point. We were threatened with one of those "sympathetic" strikes that drive business men crazy. There was no question at issue between ourselves and our employees; but the thing ramified off somewhere to the sugar vacuum-boiler riveters' union. Finally the S. V. B. R. U. came to a settlement with their bosses, and peace was permitted to descend on Hodge & Westoby's.

I took immediate advantage of it to descend myself on Doctor Jones. He received me with open arms and an insomniacal outburst. He had been reading up; he had been seeing distinguished confrères; he had been mastering the subject to the last dot, and was panting to begin. I hated to dampen such friendship and ardor by telling him that I had completely recovered. Under the circumstances it seemed brutal—but I did it. The poor fellow tried to argue with me, but I insisted that I now slept like a top. It sounded horribly ungrateful. Here I was spurning the treasures of his mind, and almost insulting him with my disgusting good health. I swerved off to the house-party; Eleanor's delight, and so on; Mrs. Matthewman's pending invitation; the hope that he might have an early date free——

He listened to it all in silence, walking restlessly about the office, his blue eyes shining with a strange light. He took up a bronze paper-weight and gazed at it with an intensity of self-absorption.

"I can't go," he said.

"Oh, but you have to," I exclaimed.

"Mr. Westoby," he resumed, "I was foolish enough to back a friend's credit at a store here. He has skipped to Minnesota, and I am left with $304.75 to pay. To take a three days' holiday would be a serious matter to me at any time, but at this moment it is impossible."

I gave him a good long look. He didn't strike me as a borrowing kind of man. I should probably insult him by volunteering. Was there ever anything so unfortunate?

"I can't go," he repeated with a little choke.

"You may never have another opportunity," I said. "Eleanor is doing a thing I should never have expected from one of her proud and reserved nature. The advances of such a woman——"

He interrupted me with a groan.

"If it wasn't for my mother I'd throw everything to the winds and fly to her," he burst out. "But I have a mother

—a sainted mother, Mr. Westoby—her welfare, her comfort must always be my first consideration!"

"Is there no chance of anything turning up?" I said. "An appendicitis case—an outbreak of measles? I thought there was a lot of scarlatina just now."

He shook his head dejectedly.

"Doctor," I began again, "I am pretty well fixed myself. I'm blessed with an income that runs to five figures. If all goes the way it should we shall be brothers-in-law in six months. We are almost relations. Give me the privilege of taking over this small obligation——"

I never saw a man so overcome. My proposal seemed to tear the poor devil to pieces. When he spoke his voice was all trembling.

"You don't know what it means to me to refuse," he said. "My self-respect . . . my—my . . ." And then he positively began to weep!

"You said $304.75, I believe?"

He waved it from him with a long, lean hand.

"I cannot do it," he said; "and for God's sake don't ask me to!"

I argued with him for twenty minutes; I laid the question before him in a million lights; I racked him with a picture of Eleanor, so deeply hurt, so mortified, that in her recklessness and despair she would probably throw herself away on the first man that offered! This was his chance, I told him; the one chance of his life; he was letting a piece of idiotic pride wreck the likely happiness of years. He agreed with me with moans and weeps. He had the candor of a child and the torrential sentiment of a German musician. Three hundred and four dollars and seventy-five cents stood between him and eternal bliss, and yet he waved my pocketbook from him! And all the while I saw myself losing Freddy.

I went away with his "No, no, no!" still ringing in my ears.

At the club I found a note from Freddy. She pressed me to lose no time. Mrs. Matthewman was talking of going to Europe, and of course she and Eleanor would have to accompany her. Eleanor, she said, had ordered two new gowns and had brightened up wonderfully. "Only yesterday she told me she wished that silly doctor would hurry up and come—and that, you know, from Eleanor is almost a declaration!"

Some of my best friends happened to be in the club. It occurred to me that poor Nevill was diabetic, and that Charley Crossman had been boring everybody about his gout. I buttonholed them both, and laid my unfortunate predicament before them. I said I'd pay all the expenses. In fact, the more they could make it cost the better I'd be pleased.

"What," roared Nevill, "put myself in the hands of a young fool so that he may fill his empty pockets with your money! Where do *I* come in? Good Heavens, Westoby, you're crazy! Think what would happen to me if it came to Doctor Saltworthy's ears? He'd never have anything to do with me!"

Charley Crossman was equally rebellious.

"I guess you've never had the gout," he said grimly.

"But, Charley, old man," I pleaded, "all that you'd have to do would be to let him *talk* to you. I don't ask you to suffer for it. Just pay—that's all—pay my money!"

"I'm awfully easily talked into things," said Charley. (There was never such a mule on the Produce Exchange.) "He'd be saying, 'Take this'—and I'm the kind of blankety-blank fool that would take it!"

Then I did a mean thing. I reminded Crossman of having backed some bills of his—big bills, too—at a time when it was touch and go whether he'd manage to keep his head above water.

"Westoby," he replied, "don't think that time has lessened my sense of that obligation. I'd cut off my right hand to do you a good turn. But for Heaven's sake don't ask me to monkey with my gout!"

The best I could get out of him was the promise of an anæmic servant-girl. Nevill generously threw in a groom with varicose veins. Small contributions, but thankfully received.

"Now, what you do," said Nevill, "is to go round right off and interview Bishop Jordan. He has sick people to burn!"

But I said Jones would get on to it if I deluged him with the misery of the slums.

"That's just where the Bishop comes in," said Nevill. "There isn't a man more in touch with the saddest kind of poverty in New York—the decent, clean, shrinking poverty that hides away from all the deadhead coffee and doughnuts. If I was in your fix I'd fall over myself to reach Jordan!"

"Yes, you try Jordan," said Charley, who, I'm sure, had never heard of him before.

"Then it's me for Jordan," said I.

I went downstairs and told one of the bell-boys to look up the address in the telephone-book. It seemed to me he looked pale, that boy.

"Aren't you well, Dan?" I said.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, sir. I guess it must be the night work."

I gave him a five-dollar bill and made him write down 1892 Eighth Avenue on a piece of paper.

"You go and see Doctor Jones first thing," I said. "And don't mention my name, nor spend the money on Her Mad Marriage."

I jumped into a hansom with a pleasant sense that I was beginning to make the fur fly.

"That's a horrible cold of yours, Cabby," I said as we stopped at the Bishop's door and I handed him up a dollar bill. "That's the kind of cold that makes graveyards hum!"

"THEY SOLD OUR PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM TWICE OVER"

"I can't shake it off, sir," he said despondently. "Try what I can, and it's never no use!"

"There's one doctor in the world who can cure anything," I said. "Dr. Henry Jones, 1892 Eighth Avenue. I was worse than you two weeks ago, and now look at me! Take this five dollars, and for Heaven's sake, man, put yourself in his hands quick."

Bishop Jordan was a fine type of modern clergyman. He was broad-shouldered mentally as well as physically, and he brought to philanthropic work the thoroughness, care, enthusiasm and capacity that would have earned him a fortune in business.

"Bishop," I said, "I've come to see if I can't make a trade with you!"

He raised his grizzled eyebrows and gave me a very searching look.

"A trade," he repeated in a holding-back kind of tone, as though wondering what the trap was.

"Here's a check for $1000 drawn to your order," I went on. "And here's the address of Dr. Henry Jones, 1892 Eighth Avenue. I want this money to reach him via your sick people, and that without my name being known or suspected."

"May I not ask the meaning of so peculiar a request?"

"He's hard up," I said, "and I want to help him. It occurred to me that I might make you—er—a confederate in my little game, you know."

His eyes twinkled as he slowly folded up my check and put it in his pocket.

"I don't want any economy about it, Bishop," I went on, "I don't want you to make the best use of it, or anything of that kind. I want to slap it into Doctor Jones' till, and slap it in quick."

"Would you consider two weeks——?"

"Oh, one, please!"

"It is understood, of course, that this young man is a duly qualified and capable physician, and that in the event of my finding it otherwise I shall be at liberty to direct your check to other uses?"

"Oh, I can answer for his being all right, Bishop. He's thoroughly up-to-date, you know; does the X-ray act; keeps the pace of modern science; isn't above telling you there is nothing the matter with you, and refusing to take your money."

"You say you can answer for him," said the bishop genially. "Might I inquire who *you* are?"

"I'm named Westoby—Ezra Westoby—managing partner of Hodge & Westoby, boxers."

"I like boxers," said the Bishop in the tone of a benediction, rising to dismiss me. "I like $1000 checks, too. When you have any more to spare just give them a fair wind in this direction!"

I went out feeling that the Episcopal Church had risen fifty per cent. in my esteem. Bishops like that would make a success of any denomination. I like to see a fellow who's on to his job.

I gave Jones a week to grapple with the new developments, and then happened along. The anteroom was full, and there was a queue down the street like waiting to hear Patti. Nice, decent-looking people, with money in their hands. (I always like to see a cash business, don't you?) I guess it took me an hour to crowd my way upstairs, and even then I had to buy a man out of the line.

Jones was carrying off the boom more quietly than I cared about. He wore a curt, snappy air. I don't know why, but I felt misgivings as I shook hands with him.

Of course I commented on the rush.

"The Lord only knows what's happened to my practice," he said. "The blamed thing has gone up like a rocket. It seems to me there must be a great wave of sickness passing over New York just now."

"Everybody's complaining," I said.

This reminded him of my insomnia till I cut him short.

"What's the matter with our going down to the Van Coorts from Saturday to Tuesday," I said. "They haven't given up the hope of seeing you there, Doctor, and the thing's still open."

Then I waited for him to jump with joy.

He didn't jump a bit. He shook his head. He distinctly said "No."

"I told you it was the money side of it that bothered me," he explained. "So it was at the time, for, of course, I couldn't foresee that my practice was going to fill the street and call for policemen to keep order. But, my dear Westoby, after giving the subject a great deal of consideration I have come to the conclusion that it would be too painful for me to revive those—those—unhappy emotions I was just beginning to recover from!"

"I thought you loved her!" I exclaimed.

"That's why I've determined not to go," he said. "I have outlived one refusal. How do I know I have the strength, the determination, the hardihood to undergo the agonies of another?"

It seemed a feeble remark to say that faint heart never won fair lady. I growled it out more like a swear than anything else. I was disgusted with the chump.

"She's the star above me," he said; "and I am crushed by my own presumption. Is there any such fool as the man that breaks his heart twice for the impossible?"

"But it isn't impossible," I cried. "Hasn't she—as far as a woman can—hasn't she called you back to her? What more do you expect her to do? A woman's delicacy forbids

(Continued on Page 23)

The Gentle Art of the Publicist

He Has Raised Puffery to the Dignity of a Profession

By DAVID HALE

THE Grand Opera House was in a state of pandemonium. Women screamed hysterically. Men yelled for the police. A dozen ushers were racing down the aisles. The house watchmen charged with drawn clubs. The discreet ducked behind chairs. The air was charged with battle. Down in front a tangle of men were fighting and struggling, and piling up like football demons. At the bottom of this pile was the storm centre, a giant out of the West. At first he was vociferous; then protesting; then breathless; then deathly still as the squirming mass on top squeezed the last bit of air out of his lungs. The clang of the patrol-wagon sounded outside, and a platoon of bluecoats came running down between the chairs, heading for the point where the giant lay prostrate; but the fighting blood was aflame in the men on top, and it was with some reluctance that they yielded their prey to the police.

With no gentle hands the giant was untangled and prodded to his feet. To the amazement of the crowd he was whole of skin and bone, though sadly disarranged as to dress. Surrounded by the law's minions he was led away. The feminine hearts that had been shrinking in terror on his account only a few seconds before now fluttered with sympathy; for he was a most knightly-looking giant, despite the hard usage he had had. And the romance of the far Western plains was all about him: a pair of shoulders like Hercules; a magnificent, clean-shaven face, framed by a mass of long, curling, cowboy hair; a massive bronze throat, from which the collar and shirt had been torn away, revealing a chest like a lion's. What remained of a great white sombrero he carried in his hand. As he followed his captors, quietly, but with unabashed eye, there were sighs of regret everywhere, and more than one woman spoke her good-will aloud:

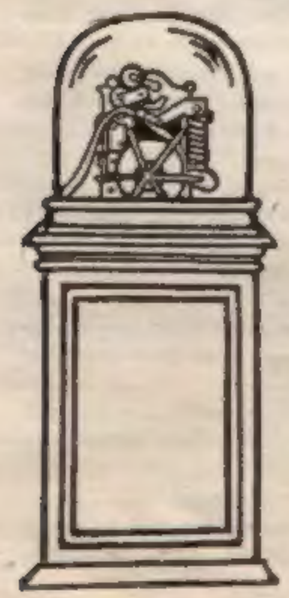
"Poor fellow! I wonder what they will do with him?"

The foyer doors swallowed the giant and his escort. The stage manager, with a few words of calming exhortation, poured balm on the overwrought nerves of the audience, and the performance went on. Hermann had the stage.

The Scheme of the Gifted Press Agent

NEXT day the newspapers were full of the affair. Nothing as choice had been offered the jaded metropolis for a long time. Some weeks before Hermann had startled the city with a new trick. On the point of a penknife he caught solid bullets discharged at him by a file of soldiers out of regulation muskets. The novelty and drawing power of the trick had worn off somewhat when the giant happened along out of the West and inflamed public interest anew by his most sensational conduct. With the rest of the audience he had watched, open-mouthed, the extraordinary feat of the magician. Once, twice, a dozen times the soldiers fired, and each time the great Hermann speared the deadly bullets with unerring aim and showed them, smiling, to the amazed spectators. The thirteenth time—and then arose the giant, quivering with excitement, and pointing a revolver that, to the audience, looked like a Sandy Hook gun.

"Wheel," he roared with a mighty oath, pulling a bead on Hermann's back. "Wheel, d——n ye! Ef yer kin ketch 'em as easy as all o' that you ketch one fer me!"



There was the sharp click of a gun hammer thrown back, and then half a dozen men precipitated themselves from somewhere on the giant. In a second there was the tumult of the riot that did not end until the giant lost power of resistance.

The city watched with interest the final outcome of this remarkable episode. The newspapers told of the giant's arraignment at Jefferson Market Police Court. It turned out that he was connected with a Wild West show, then exhibiting at Madison Square Garden. No one appeared to prosecute, and, after a stern lecture by the justice, the culprit was dismissed with a fine of twenty dollars for disorderly conduct and carrying concealed weapons. His friends promptly paid the fine, and that was the end of the case—except that interest in the great Hermann's great trick was revived at one bound, and the guileless people turned out in multitudes to see. Also, thousands went to Madison Square Garden solely to get a glimpse of the giant possessed of such Wild Western notions.

The Up-to-Date Publicity Organization

ALTOGETHER it was a most beautiful specimen of the press agent's work, of the science of free advertising, a science as fascinating as astronomy, and far more intricate. For astronomy may be learned out of books, but to master the other science one must go direct to the human heart and soul. There is no rote, no rule. But for all that, I am happy to say the science is by no means dying out. On the contrary, its shadings are growing each year finer and its disciples more erudite.

Some time ago, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I told of "Tody" Hamilton, the press agent, and painted him as the greatest of them all, the master and dean of the class. And so he is; but there have come into the field a set of men who have given a twist to the business that Tody Hamilton never dreamed of. They have developed its commercial side, made an industry of the profession, and this without marring its charm, except in one direction. They have, unfortunately, changed the name: instead of press agents these gentlemen call themselves "publicists"—a most deplorable departure, to my mind, on a level with the new-fangled term "ad. smith," invented by some foolish person to designate him who writes advertisements, and only too generally adopted by men who ought to know better.

But, "publicists" or no, these commercial press agents are a clever lot. A couple of them have set up shop on a prodigious scale in one large city, with branches in others. They have a suite of offices in an expensive building, bookkeepers, cashiers, an army of typewriters, half a dozen telephones, and all the appurtenances that ordinarily go only with rich corporations. And but a few years ago their offices were in their hats, and their bank accounts, if they had any at all, were of the kind one feeds with occasional nickels and dimes through a slot in a little iron box.

These particular "publicists" graduated in the nineties from a large university and had literary aspirations. Unfortunately—or fortunately, as it turned out—they found the literary market overstocked and proportionately unprofitable. Then there came to them an inspiration. They hunted up the president of their university and pointed out to him that what that institution needed was publicity, advertising.

"That," answered the president, who knew them both well, "would be undignified. Universities of the grade of this one do not advertise."

"Nor would we suggest it, in the ordinary way," they explained; "but there are ways that are not ordinary—ways that would not hurt the dignity of the institution."

"And how might that be?"

"By securing the publication of dignified articles in the important newspapers and magazines of the country."

Now it happened that at this particular time the university's faculty, always progressive, was meditating various new departures along new lines. The two graduates knew of this, and also that it was deemed desirable by the college authorities that the facts bearing on these new departures be presented properly to the public. They pointed this out to the president, and declared their willingness, for a proper fee, to prepare high-class articles bearing on the subject, and secure their publication in mediums of the necessary standing. The "publicists" were engaged, and prepared their articles with care and thorough literary finish. Then they hunted up the newspaper and magazine editors. They told them frankly of their arrangement with the university, and offered their compositions with proper illustrations. The rare skill of these youths may be imagined when it is told that not only were their articles accepted and published, but paid for at the regular editorial rates!

That feat comes pretty near the high-water mark in achievement, and with it behind them the young men went into other lines with such success that they now employ, as I have said, a small army of men and women, and a corps of trained special writers. Their fees have grown with their business.

Three or four years ago their city was threatened with an invasion by the soft-coal producers. The college "publicists" were retained by the hard-coal people and produced a series of graphic articles for the local papers, pointing out, with scientific exactness, the dangers to health and property lying in the use of soft coal. Then the local elevated road was threatened with a strike. The "publicists" put out a series of articles describing this institution, which is a model of its kind, and the excellent provision made for the comfort and happiness of its employees: conditions that have long since been conceded to be nearly ideal by railroad men all over the country. The result was that thousands of applications for jobs were received from out-of-town railroaders.

So these "publicists" go on, constantly on the lookout for opportunities to combine the promotion of good literature with good business. If there is a new section of country to be opened up they arrange with the owners for one or a dozen or two dozen illustrated articles. If a new mining region, as in Alaska, is staked out they are on the ground to serve the big corporations, that naturally drift into the ownership of the most desirable locations. They describe at length the conditions in the new country, and in such a way as to attract visitors. If a new industry—as, for example, beet-sugar—needs recruits these "publicists" put out readable articles on beet-sugar growing and its great profits. And the newspaper editors are only too glad, as a general thing, to get their articles, which are prepared with consummate skill, and always present "live" subjects. There is no attempt at puffing, and the "publicists" have established such a reputation for truth and accuracy that the average editor has quite as much faith in their stories as though they were written by men regularly on his staff.

Making Marconi Famous

YET, after all, it remained for a couple of other "publicists" to carry off the palm of the business with the exploitation of Signor Marconi and his wireless telegraph. There has probably been more bad language used by other wireless inventors because of the Marconi publicity than the recording angel can well have taken down. And with justice. There may be half a dozen wireless inventions on the market as good as the Marconi one. The United States Signal Service Department has an unpatented system that has been officially set down as even better, and the German naval authorities have adopted a third. But so far as the public is concerned there is only one wireless telegraph, and that is Marconi's. And this condition was brought about by a press campaign planned as deliberately as the press campaign of the national political committees, and with far greater success.

The first step in this matter was a volunteer movement. A well-known war correspondent was the European representative of a big New York newspaper when Marconi first got his invention before the public, some few years ago. With that keen sense for new and startling things that had made him famous as a Sunday editor in New York, this man got in touch with Marconi and arranged for a test, sending from St. Paul's in London to some other high point. Signor Marconi is noted for his shrewd business sense and at once fell in with the idea. The "story" was a front-page feature in the Sunday edition of the New York newspaper. It attracted the attention of a New York promoter, who hastened over

to Europe. Within a few weeks he had closed a deal whereby, for a very substantial cash and stock consideration, Signor Marconi made over the American rights to the invention.

Shortly after this transaction was completed the promoter met a New York journalist who represented the London end of a big publishing enterprise. This man saw the huge possibilities of a Marconi American Company, if the inventor and his system were properly brought before the people on this side of the water. He and the promoter came together on a satisfactory basis, and the formal press campaign was begun at once from London.

To understand the beauty of this scheme, it must be understood that the American newspapers will publish freely and fully matter regarding men and institutions on the other side of the water that they would accept from local sources only as paid advertisements. So, also, with many of the magazines. Thus the beginning was easy enough, and almost before the other wireless inventors knew what had happened, the American press, daily and monthly, was full of "Marconi, father of the wireless." Then the headquarters were shifted to this country, and the direction was put in charge of a young "publicist" who has since developed into one of the most brilliant advertising specialists in America. The American publications were now in full cry. The editors fairly clamored for wireless Marconi literature, and they got it by the foot, yard and furlong. They gladly paid full space rates for it. From the standpoint of the editors, it was the finest thing since the X-ray, and when Marconi came to America he was acclaimed the man of the hour.

Akin to this sort of publicity is what is known as "telegraph advertising." A certain limited class of experts make a specialty of this. They have arrangements with some of the leading newspapers of the country, including several in New York and Chicago, whereby matter paid for at so much a line, ranging from twenty-five cents to four dollars, is run as a regular telegraph dispatch without advertising marks of any kind. Sometimes the matter is actually sent by wire at press rates, and at other times it goes by mail, but is published under a telegraph date-line.

The most stupendous piece of work of this kind on record was engineered by another New York journalist. During a famous fight on behalf of the minority stockholders of one of the big trans-continental railroads, a well-known financier appeared one day as the sponsor of a scathing newspaper attack on the railroad's president. At once the journalist hunted up the president, who had at one time been a newspaper man himself, and told him he ought to answer the charges in a formal statement.

"What's the use?" asked the railroad man. "The papers wouldn't publish it as we give it. It would involve a long story on our side, and the editors would cut it all to pieces, using only what suited them. That would be worse than saying nothing. It would be garbled."

"Pay for it as advertising matter," suggested the practical journalist.

"People wouldn't read it as an advertisement. And, besides, we couldn't get it to the out-of-town papers in time. It ought to come out to-morrow, while these allegations are hot, or not at all."

"Then send it by telegraph and run it as telegraph matter. It will be expensive, but worth the price, for the papers will be sure to get it to the people just as you want it."

This struck the railroad president as a good thing. He called a meeting of the board of directors at once, and the scheme was passed on favorably. Then an expert newspaper man was summoned to prepare the statement. He worked under the president's personal direction until nearly midnight, for the statement occupied over four columns of solid matter. In the meanwhile a telegraph company had made special arrangements to handle the matter for the out-of-town papers. Twenty extra operators were put on, and the required wires were all "cleared." Next morning, in every leading city from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the railroad's answer to the attack was set out in full, and, incidentally, an advertisement was secured for the road and its management that had a value beyond estimation. It cost something over $50,000 for that one day's work, but the directors felt they had had their money's worth. As for the expert, he got a nice little commission of something over $10,000 from the newspapers—not a bad fee for a few hours' work, even for a "publicist."

An incident in the same line of advertising that had a considerable element of humor was connected with the life insurance policy taken out by a millionaire of national reputation. He one day walked into the president's office in a large life insurance company in New York and calmly announced that he had come to take out a policy for $1,000,000. The official nearly fell off his chair, for a policy of that size was at that time something unheard of; but an insurance man always rises to any occasion, if given time enough, and it was not long before the millionaire had been put through an examination, given his policy, and had turned over his check for the first year's premium.

Naturally, such a huge transaction could not be kept quiet in the insurance world, but its systematic exploitation for advertising purposes was not thought of by the president. His wrath may be imagined, therefore, when a rival company calmly possessed itself of the incident. Those were the days before the "harmony" idea was what it is to-day among the leading companies, and in the fierce competition of the time anything was considered fair. So the "rascally agents" of the rival concern intimated through the newspapers, saying that the millionaire had taken his policy from them.

When the president whose company had actually secured the policy read this story in his morning paper he nearly had apoplexy. He rang his bell as if it were a fire alarm, and sent hurry-calls in all directions for his advertising manager.

"I want this thing denied and stopped," he commanded.

It cost the company a pretty penny to get the true story out. Where, in the first instance, the newspapers would have been only too glad to publish the real facts, it was now necessary, in order to get the truth before the public, to send it out on the "telegraph advertising" plan.

In these more modern days there is little chance that anything of the kind could happen, for every large corporation has its regularly appointed press agent, whose business it is to see that no good advertising chance is lost. The railroads, particularly, have reduced the thing to a science, and some of the results achieved are little short of marvelous.

A unique feature of the press bureaus is the "working" of the Washington correspondents of the big daily papers. Some genius of a railroad man discovered some years ago that there were often days when the Washington correspondent seeks in vain for matter with which to fill out his daily or weekly letter. On these occasions anything that has the making of an item—and the longer the better—is eagerly seized on and sent out. To meet this condition the general

THEN THERE CAME TO THEM AN INSPIRATION

passenger agents send literally tons of "national railroad news" each year to the offices of the correspondents, and this is thankfully scissored in time of stress and drought.

There is no danger, therefore, that the gentle art of the "publicist" will die out for some time to come. On the contrary, his position and his emoluments will almost inevitably grow with the ages. And, for one, I am glad of it, for he is, almost without exception, a fine fellow, a clever diplomat, and an artist without a peer. If he gets a large salary, as he generally does, he earns every cent of it, and more, too. Heaven bless him!

Eighty Years Young

MANY of the most active and tireless octogenarians have been clergymen. The October of their lives yields often the richest fruitage. The most indefatigable worker of the eighteenth century—who traveled, mostly on horseback, 8000 miles a year, and preached in fifty years more than 42,000 discourses—who read and studied almost incessantly when walking or riding, and wrote, edited or translated two hundred books, including a dictionary of the English language—was John Wesley. When he entered on his eighty-second birthday he said: "I find myself just as strong to labor, and as fit for exercise in body and mind, as when I was forty years old." A year later he said: "I am a wonder to myself. It is now twelve years since I have felt any such sensation as weariness." He was top-full of vigor to the very last, and a week before his death, when eighty-eight years old, rose at four in the morning, journeyed eighteen miles, and preached in the house of a magistrate. Nathaniel Emmons, a celebrated clergyman of the eighteenth century, lived an active life till he was ninety-five, and was pastor at Franklin, Massachusetts, for forty-five years. The Bishop of Chichester, England, made a few years ago, in his ninety-second year, a pedestrian tour through Switzerland and Northern Italy. Dr. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, was an active clergyman at ninety-three. A writer, who heard him preach and give a Bible talk at that age, says that his voice was as clear and impressive as that of a man forty years younger, and that no one who heard him can forget the rare charm and impressiveness of his manner.

Dr. Edwards A. Park, professor emeritus at Andover Theological Seminary, whose sermons are a source of delight to all who can appreciate wealth of illustration, rhetorical beauty and argumentative power, was full of vigor to his ninetieth year, and that in spite of the fact that he had been for fifty years, as he said, "practically an invalid." Dr. Edward Beecher became pastor at eighty-two of a church in Parkville, New York, and, in spite of the weight of years, did efficient work. Losing a leg by a railway accident when eighty-seven years old, he was able to recuperate, and took up his pastoral work again. Dr. T. H. Sawyer, successively president of Tufts College and dean of the Divinity School, lived full of vigor to his ninety-second year.

Dr. A. A. Miner, for forty-three years pastor of the Second Universalist church in Boston, was as dangerous an antagonist at logical fence, and thundered with hardly less energy against liquor-selling, at fourscore, than when in the heyday of his life.

Mark Trafton, D. D., of Somerville, Massachusetts, was found by a newspaper correspondent as erect and vigorous in his eighty-seventh year as eight years before, when he thought his demise was near. Philosophizing, quoting poetry and telling merry anecdotes of his own life, he had no appearance of aging, except that his hearing was less acute than formerly.

Dr. James Martineau, of London, till recently the Nestor among the living kings of thought, was the most active of the nonogenarians of his day, and did valuable work almost to his ninety-fifth year. Persons who heard his extempore lecture of more than an hour's length, in his ninety-second year, on the then recently discovered fragment of the writings of St. Peter, in which the most abstruse points of scholarship and criticism were handled with consummate ease, lucidity and power, could with difficulty realize that the speaker had overpassed by over a score of years the allotted span of human life.

Ohio's oldest clergyman—Rev. John McCloud—was reported a few years ago as still preaching at the age of ninety-five. Richard S. Storrs delivered his finest and most impressive sermons and addresses after he had passed threescore.

Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., missionary, theological professor and college president, who died at ninety years of age in 1900, was, according to the evidence of his friends, full of activity to the last.

Cardinal Newman, who lived eighty-nine years, maintained his intellectual power till very late in life. The Roman Pontiff, Gregory IX, lived nearly one hundred years. Pope Leo XIII, born a physical weakling—who, at his election to the Roman seat at seventy, seemed too frail to hold his office for more than a few years—defied the scythe of time for more than a quarter of a century, and his will at the age of ninety-five still made itself felt in every nook and corner of the civilized world. During his entire pontificate he was weighted with heavy responsibilities, having to solve some of the most vexatious problems encountered by any modern Pope; yet, by his strength of will and regularity of life, he bore his burdens triumphantly to the end.

Rev. G. D. Grundy, who had held his living of Hey, England, for sixty-three years, celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday in 1901.

Dr. Samuel Harris, ex-President of Bowdoin College, deemed by many the profoundest theologian of the nineteenth century, who died in 1899 at the age of eighty-five, gave to the world, after he had passed fourscore, his views of Christian doctrine in two large volumes. Finally, and to conclude this partial list, Dr. Thomas March Clark, Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island, who lived to his ninety-third year, retained his mental power, as well as his wit and gracious kindliness, to the very last.

THE CHEERFUL GIVERS

WE RAN AND JUMPED INTO DEPARTMENT-STORE SEAS, AND WALLOWED WITH THE OTHERS

A Story of Christmas Presents That Were Not All Presented

By EMERY POTTLE

IT MUST have been early in December—though I'm not at all sure it wasn't the December of a year ago, for the decision is a hardy annual—that we definitely decided.

"There's really no use trying to keep it up," said Anne with great finality. "We've struggled along for a number of years, fairly impoverished, in order to——"

"To bring sunshine into other hearts," said I complacently. "I see by the papers that Mason's is selling red plush parlor suites for——" And I rattled the evening newspaper alluringly.

"In order to save enough money to have to spend it——"

"Have it to spend, Anne, is considered——"

"I know what I'm saying! To have to spend it to buy things for people who've been saving to have money to spend to buy us things to——"

"Pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than to walk and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than to——" I murmured absently.

Anne laughed. "I dare say I'm seemingly involved, but the point is very clear in my mind."

"Tell the point first and then work backward—it'll be fun to see if you come out at the beginning where you began," said I interestedly.

"It's about Christmas presents," explained Anne excitedly.

"No wonder you couldn't end your sentence. Once you begin with Christmas presents there *is* no end."

"There you are!" cried Anne. "At least, there you aren't. We won't begin at all this year with them. Let's not give a single present."

"Sha'n't I have to give you anything?" I asked with some concern.

Anne regarded me with distrust. Ever since the year we were first married, when I thought over all the things in the world that were nicest to give, and finally decided that a first-class gun ought to be about the thing to please the most exacting desire, thought over everything, if you please, and gave Anne a bully rifle, she's felt a certain suspicion about my Christmas-gift abilities. And I thought she'd like a gun: I should have.

So now she wavered. "No," she brought out at last. "No. . . . Of course, some little trifle, perhaps—if you should see anything——"

"Don't *I* get anything?" I inquired sadly. "I've wanted a hansom cab of my own so long. I thought perhaps this year you—— A gentle hansom cab, you know, that would follow me around, and lie down quietly by the curbstone when I go into shops—one I could make a pet of—city-broke, sound and kind."

"You're awfully silly. Perhaps I'll give you a necktie."

"I suppose I am," said I regretfully, "though why it should be silly to hate to walk instead of—— I say, don't you *dare* to give me a necktie—I might wear it!"

"We do need a new rug for the dining-room," Anne broke in with a futile air of innocence.

"No, you don't," said I, jumping up hastily and dashing over to face her. "No, you *don't!* I know that game. The meanest person in the whole world is the woman who gives her husband a tea-table or a set of pillow-shams for Christmas just because they need 'em in the house. *I* won't have a rug! Anne, you weren't really——?"

"No, I wasn't. I'd hate to do it," confessed Anne with a grin. "Besides, you'd be offensive and call the rug *yours* if I did."

I subsided. "I couldn't believe it of you."

"Let's be sensible about it. There are so many people we ought to give presents to, and it takes *so* much money and worry and time. Last year I nearly died. We can just say we aren't going to give any one anything. The people we like best we can write Christmas notes to and——"

THEN I BLUSHED THE HOT BLUSH OF SHAME

"You can write the notes. I sha'n't."

"And give them our love, and all that."

"They'll send us things, and then what? I'll bet your Aunt Caroline will——"

"What if they do? Haven't you strength of purpose enough to keep to your own ideas of right—let others do what they will?"

I gazed at Anne respectfully. "It *sounds* bully. Where'd you get it? I hate to disappoint you, dear, but, frankly, I haven't. I don't mind saying that a lot of my ideas of right, as you call 'em, depend largely on letting others do what they will and then, if it seems nice, doing it myself." Anne sighed. "I never was much on those strength-of-purpose tests—they tire you all out and leave the other fellow fresh as anything. But if *you* have strength of purpose to keep me to *my* ideas of right, let others do what they will, why, very well."

Anne sighed again and shrugged her shoulders. "I'll try. It's awful to have a weak-spirited husband!"

"It must be," said I politely. "I'm glad it's not me who has to have him. All weak-spirited husbands can expect to have are wives; maybe that's what makes them——"

"I beg your pardon?" said Anne alertly.

"Husbands," I finished hastily, blushing.

"Oh!" remarked Anne with an air of contempt.

"Well, I'm sure *I* don't care about spending all my money for Christmas gifts," I pursued obligingly. "I wish I could manage the way I could when I was a kiddie. I was never allowed more than one dollar for spending at Christmas-time. And somehow I used to buy presents for some twelve or fourteen people out of it, besides saving a nickel or two for myself for candy and a jew's-harp and niggertoes and a slate pencil. They were nice, useful presents, too. Once I gave my grandmother a fish standing on its tail with its mouth open."

"Was it a dead fish?" inquired Anne courteously.

"It was a china fish," I patiently explained. "I suppose you could call it dead. It was a vase."

"Oh, a vase?"

"No—a VACE! I broke part of its tail off taking it to her, but she didn't seem to mind. Speaking of buying presents, I know a fellow who has to buy twenty-eight of 'em every Christmas."

"The poor thing!" sympathized Anne.

"Not at all. He's frightfully rich—and that's the point. He goes to Tiffany's and picks out a handsome, sexless present—the kind anybody'd be glad to get—and then says, 'Give me twenty-eight of those.' And there he is! No more worry. It's beautiful."

"He couldn't do it if he had my relatives to buy things for," commented Anne dryly.

"I dare say," said I honestly. "Then it's settled, is it, that we are to give no one anything—except our love in little notes?"

"Yes—let's call it settled—absolutely. After all, it's the Christmas *spirit* that really counts."

"All right. I'm glad of it. Now I'll go and buy me that bathrobe I've wanted for——"

"By the way," Anne continued, "did I tell you that the Knickerbockers are going to be in town for the holidays? She told me so."

I listened with some attention. Anne spoke in a voice that led me to believe she had designs.

"Well, what of it?"

"Of course, we're not giving anything, but——"

"Oh, send her two roses, if that's what you mean! One does that dinky little affectation when one can't afford a whole bunch. It's so delicate and suggestive."

"When she has a conservatory full of flowers?" said Anne with scorn. "No! You write her a nice poem—that'll be jolly. She's been so kind, you know, and—— You write her one."

"I'll do nothing of the sort! What is it for me, a married man, to be writing Christmas poetry? I'm surprised at you, Anne. The only holiday sentiment I know is about that girl who looked in her stocking and

'She pulled out a grand piano
From way down in the toe;'

and I can't send her that, you know."

"You're a selfish thing!"

I passed this by. I hate argument.

"Is she—— Do you think—— Is there a possibility ——?" I continued delicately.

"Oh, *no!* Oh, of *course* not! She won't send us anything. She never has. I should feel dreadfully if she did." Anne grew quite heated in denial.

"So should I—if it was something awful. Her taste——"

"If she did send us a present it would be something very handsome," Anne reproved.

"'Handsome is that handsome does' is a much overrated adage," I remarked, returning to the newspaper.

. . . . . .

Anne sat before the fire in great gloom of spirit. I knew this because when I referred cautiously to my cherished project of keeping a dog in the apartment—a massive dog, not a trivial, lick-your-hand beast—she refused to combat the idea.

"What's the matter?" I asked solicitously. "This is not like you. Dog, I said, *dog!*"

"It's very annoying," Anne burst out at last, impatiently. She was not to be roused to domestic strife; there was something more poignant in her breast. I waited.

"Very annoying. And the worst of it is that I'd like to have it."

"If you don't mind explaining——" I hazarded.

"I called at Lily Appleby's to-day, and there she sat knitting a white shawl. It was a sweet shawl, too. She tried to hide it, but when she saw it was no use she just laughed and confessed that it was for *me*, for Christmas—to wear under your wrap when your gown is low-necked."

"I don't see anything to be angry about—if you want the shawl, that is. Personally, I hope no one will give me a white knitted shawl to wear under—I can't think at this minute what I would wear it under, Anne. But for you——"

Anne sniffed impolitely. "You needn't worry. It's very different with me. I'm not going to give Lily anything, you know. She'll think it's awfully queer."

"You're going to write her a *note*," I consoled, "a nice, sickening note with your love in it. After all, it's the Christmas *spirit* that really *counts*."

"Oh, bother!" returned Anne, relapsing into silence.

A day or two later we were walking about the shopping districts. We've got beyond the silly, pretentious period of life when one denies one's self the fun of staring in shop-windows lest one be thought common. We walk in directions that will bring us close to the plate-glass fronts.

"There," I cried excitedly, "there it is! I've been looking for one for months." I dragged Anne to the window of a tobacconist. "See? That squatty little green tobacco-jar! Just the thing to give Appleby." I felt for my pocketbook.

"Why, so it will——" began Anne with enthusiasm. Then she paused suddenly with a queer look. "Except for the fact that we're not giving any presents this year."

"Come on!" said I crossly. "It's time to be getting home. I'm tired of hanging around."

Just then we met Willie and Maude. They looked beautifully happy; their arms were filled with neat, interesting packages.

"My dear Anne," cried Maude. "I'm so glad to see you both! Isn't Christmas the jolliest thing? You know, it's our first holiday time since we were married, and we're buying presents together—aren't we, Willie?—for every one we know. It's such fun, and Willie wants to buy the expensivest things and then dash out the shop!"

"He'll get over that," said I with authority. "Why don't you give away your unmarked wedding presents—those you hate?"

Maude blushed and Willie grinned consciously.

"Oh, I see! A word to the wise is always——" I began.

"Out of place," finished Anne. "Come along home; it's time."

Willie and Maude hurried gayly away into a handsome picture shop, generous smiles on their faces.

"It *is* fun," Anne remarked reminiscently as we lagged homeward.

"You mean——"

She nodded.

"Remember our first——" I laughed.

"I should think so. And I loved bringing home the white bundles tied with pink string. I saved the string always."

"It's a pity," said I despondently, "that we are getting so—but, perhaps—I suppose it was the sight of Willie and Maude that—well, how jolly it looks to see people buying things! Though, of course, it is perfectly silly and extravagant."

Anne put her hand suddenly on my arm. "I can't stand it another minute!" she declared with defiance. "If I don't *buy* something right off I shall scream! It's weak and vacillating—but I *love* to buy Christmas presents."

I believe I squeezed her hand violently. "Hang the little notes!" said I.

We hurried back and bought the squatty green tobacco-jar for Appleby. It was horridly expensive.

. . . . . .

"Now we've begun it——" Anne opened up a few days before Christmas. She eyed me deprecatingly.

"Precisely—now we've begun it," I returned, at once grasping her meaning.

TWO BURLY CREATURES DRAGGED IN A HUGE MONUMENT IN BURLAP

"Are you planning to give *many* presents?" she continued thoughtfully.

"I? Not at all! Just two or three."

"That's all I shall give—just a few. Of course, my family——"

"Your family?" I prompted.

"Something useful, I suppose," sighed Anne.

"I'm glad I'm not your family," said I pleasantly. "I should get so sick of seeing your box of useful things come that I'd give 'em to the servants. Just because your family is your family and in that sense useful—to a certain ancestral extent—I don't see why we have to give them useful presents. Personally I hate useful presents."

"So do I," admitted Anne. "Aunt Caroline gave me a hot-water bag once in an embroidered case. I despised it."

"I should think so," said I. "Your Aunt Caroline—well, as we were saying, one can't be too careful in choosing one's——"

"You needn't say family—it's been said before," hastily interrupted Anne.

"Presents," I finished with dignity.

"Mrs. Knickerbocker called here to-day," presently imparted Anne.

"I thought our little home seemed singularly ennobled," I responded. "But I had laid it to the circumstance of my new shoes."

"She looked all over the place till I was nearly frantic. Then she asked me why I didn't get one of those lovely green porcelain lamps for the study: it needed it, she decided impartially."

"Hope you told her why."

"I did."

"Faithful girl! I was afraid you might have given her some other good reason. What did she say?"

"Oh, she wiggled the jetty things coyly in her bonnet and said: 'My dear, you must trust to Santa Claus for some things.'"

"Do you really think——"

"I almost know she's going to."

"For Christmas?"

"M-m-m."

"Bully! Now, I won't write the poem, anyway. We'll send her a diamond necklace as an appreciation."

"Can't you see that we can't send her *anything* now?" said Anne dismally.

"Well, we weren't going to, anyway, were we?"

"No-o-o."

"Well, there you are! She's held her own self up—we haven't."

"A lamp *will* be lovely, won't it? And you can write the poem afterward."

"Light verse—I mean lamplight verse——" I protested feebly. "Well, if I must!"

"I've bought Lily Appleby the dearest Spanish lace scarf for her head you ever saw," proceeded Anne, disregarding me. "I'll show it to you." She brought forth the scarf. "There."

"It seems very nice," said I. "For Lily?"

"Ye-e-s."

"I thought you——"

"I *do* need one."

"Oh!"

"How well that green tobacco-jar would look on the——" mused Anne.

"Wouldn't it? Rather!"

"You said you——"

"I *do* want one."

"Oh!"

From that day on we were possessed by—I hope by a Christmas spirit, though I sometimes inclined to the belief that it was a Christmas devil. At any rate, we ran and jumped into department-store seas, and wallowed with the others. We went about separately and together. About all we said during these excursions simmered down into: "That would be nice for Susie, or Willie, or Agnes," or whoever it might be. Then, just at the moment of purchase, Anne would see something that Susie or Willie would like better—something we couldn't afford. This upset our calculations awfully, since it spoiled the first article for us and barred out the second. We had to begin all over again.

There were gaudy acres of "holiday offerings" to be harrowed over in the shops. After an afternoon at the process you were ready to buy anything you saw—just to get it over with. I seized Anne by the hand on one of these horrid excursions and attempted to lead her forcibly away.

"Why do you pull me like this?" she demanded.

I pointed behind us. "See that? That cursed gilt cabinet? It's a hundred and fifty dollars! I want to go home."

Anne shuddered. "You didn't want to *buy* it?"

"Heaven forbid! Let's go—it might follow us!"

We hastened out. "Well, we've escaped that, at any rate," we sighed with relief.

We grew haggard and nervous and furtive of eye. Discontent ran like a subway under all we did. For instance, after a hard day's labor, toward evening we bought two decent gifts for Willie and Maude. We sighed with relief and paid out our money with the blunted sense of value that Christmas shoppers always must acquire to be really in the spirit of it all. And I give you my word that before we'd gone two blocks homeward we saw in a shop window two other articles, much prettier, a great deal cheaper, and, worse than all, far better suited to Willie and Maude than what we had bought.

"Oh, dear!" swooned Anne. "How did we come to miss these?"

"We didn't come to miss them," said I bitterly. "We came to find them. The only consolation is that if we'd bought these first we'd have seen the others second and gnashed our teeth for not buying *them*."

"It sounds complicated," said Anne exhaustedly.

"It is," said I briefly.

"I don't want to run down Christmas," Anne presently observed. "I've read so much about it—and I've seen quite a number myself—that I know I ought to be going about with a happy smile of good-will to all, and that sort of thing; so the poor little girl looking in the windows at the toys will see me and say: 'Lovely lady'; but——"

"I know. I ought to have on a fur overcoat, and wear a brown beard with snow on it, and talk in a 'bluff, hearty

(Continued on Page 23)

TALES OF THE ROAD

The Social Arts as Assets for the Salesman

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON

SALESMANSHIP has already been defined as the art of overcoming obstacles, of turning defeat into victory by the use of tact and patience. Courtesy must become constitutional with the drummer and diplomacy must become second nature to him. All this may have a very commercial and politic ring, but its logic is beyond question. It would be a decided mistake, however, to conclude that the business life of the skilful salesman is ruled only by selfish, sordid or politic motives.

In the early nineties I was going through Western Kansas; it was the year of the drought and the panic. Just as the conductor called "All aboard" at a little station where we had stopped for water, up drove one of the boys. His pair of broncos fairly dripped with sweat; their sides heaved like bellows—they had just come in from a long, hard drive. As the train started the commercial tourist slung his grips before him and jumped on. He shook a cloud of dust out of his linen coat, brushed dust off his shoes, fingered dust out of his hair, and washed dust off his face. He was the most dust-begrimed mortal I ever saw. His ablutions made, he sat down in a double seat with me and offered me a cigar.

"Close call," said I.

"Yes, you bet—sixteen miles in an hour and thirty-five minutes. That was the last time I'll ever make that drive."

"Customer quit you?"

"He hasn't exactly quit me; he has quit his town. All there ever has been in his town was a post-office and a store, all in one building; and he lived in the back end of that. It has never paid me to go to see him, but he was one of those loyal customers who gave me all he could and gave it without kicking. He gave me the glad hand—and that, you know, goes a long ways—and for six years I've been going to see him twice a year, more to accommodate him than for profit. The boys all do lots of this work—more than merchants give them credit for. His wife was a fine little woman. Whenever my advance card came—she attended to the post-office—she would always put a couple of chickens in a separate coop and fatten them on 'breakfast food' until I arrived. Her dinner was worth driving sixteen miles for if I didn't sell a son.

"But it is all off now. The man was always having a streak of hard luck—grasshoppers, hail, hot winds, election year or something, and he has finally pulled stakes. When I reached there this time it was the lonesomest place I ever saw—no more store or post-office, no more nice little wife and fried chicken—not even a dog or hitching-post. My friend had gone away and left me no reminder of himself save a notice he had lettered with a marking-brush on his front door. Just as a sort of a keepsake in memory of my old friend I took a copy. Here it goes:

"A thousand feet to water!
A thousand miles to wood!
I've quit this blasted country.
Quit her! Yes, for good.
The 'hoppers came a-buzzin',
But I shooed them all away.
Next blew the hot winds, furious;
Still, I had the grit to stay.
There's always something hap'ning;
So—while I've got the pluck—
Think I'll strike another country
And see how runs my luck.
God bless you, boys! I love you.
The drummer is my friend.
When I open up my doors again,
Bet your life, for you I'll send.

"Wouldn't that cork you? Say, let's get up a game of whist." With this my friend took a fresh cigar from me, and, whistling, sauntered down the aisle hunting partners for the game. The long drive, the dust and the loss of a bill no longer disturbed him.

The man who grieves would better stay off the road. The traveling man must digest disappointments as he does a plate of blue-points, for he swallows them about as often. One of the severest disappointments for the road man is to have the pins for a bill all set and then have some other man get the ball first and knock them down.

A clothing salesman told me this story:

"I have been chasing trunks a long time, but last season I got into the worst scrape of all my life on the road. I was a little pushed for time, so I wrote one of my irregular country customers that I would not be able to go out to his town, but that I would pay his expenses if he would come in and meet me at Spokane.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of business articles by Mr. Crewdson from the standpoint of the man on the road.

LEFT ME NO REMINDER OF HIMSELF SAVE A NOTICE HE HAD LETTERED WITH A MARKING-BRUSH ON HIS FRONT DOOR

"When he showed up he brought along his wife; and his wife rolled a young baby into my sample-room. It was a pretty little kid, and struck me as being the best-natured little chap I had ever seen. Of course, you know that to jolly up my customer a little I had to get on the good side of the wife, and the best way to do this was to play with the baby. After I had danced the little fellow around for a while I put him back into the buggy and supposed that I was going to get down to business. But the father said that he would be in town a week or so and that he thought he would go out and find a boarding-house.

"As we were talking a friend of mine dropped in. He directed my customer to a boarding-house, and then, just for fun, said: 'Why don't you leave the baby here with us while you're making arrangements? Mr. Percy here has lots of children at home, and he knows how to take care of them all right.' Imagine how I felt when my country friends fell in with the shoe man's suggestion!

"Both of us got along first-rate with the baby for a while. I really enjoyed it until my friend left me to go down the street, and a customer I was expecting came in. I thought the baby would get along all right by himself, and so I started to show customer number two my line of goods. But the little chap had been spoiled by too much of my coddling and wouldn't stand for being left alone. At first he gave a little whimper. I rolled him for a minute or two with one hand and ran the other over a line of cheviots and told my customer how good they were; but the very minute I let go of the buggy out broke the kid again. I repeated this performance two or three times, but whenever I let go the buggy handle the baby yelled. In a few minutes he was going it good and strong, and I had to take him out and bounce him up and down. Now, you can imagine just how hard it is to pacify a baby and sell a bill of clothing at the same time. I soon began to walk the floor to keep the kid from howling, and presently I decided I would rather keep that child quiet than sell a bill of goods. Finally, customer number two went out, saying he would see me the next morning; and there I was left all alone with the baby again.

"I tried to ring the bell and get a chambermaid to take care of him, but the bell was broken. Then I began to sing all the songs I knew and kept it up until I nearly wore out my throat. It seemed as if the baby's mother never would come back, but I had the happy satisfaction of knowing, though, that the baby's mother and father would certainly have to come back and get the little fellow, and I felt sure of getting a good bill of goods. Well, what do you think happened? After two hours the mother came back and got the baby, and I never saw her husband again! A competitor of mine had 'swiped' him and sold him his bill of goods."

Although my friend Percy who rolled the baby-carriage back and forth lost out by this operation, I would advise my friends on the road to roll every baby-carriage belonging to a possible customer that they have a chance to get their hands on. When the merchant gives the traveling man an opportunity to do him some sort of a favor outside of straight business dealing, he then gives the drummer the best possible chance to place him under obligations which will surely be repaid some time.

Down in Texas, in one of the larger towns, just after the Kishinef horror, the Hebrew clothing merchants held a charity ball. If you were to eliminate the Hebrew from the clothing business the ranks of dealers in men's wearing apparel would be devastated. One of my friends in the clothing business told me how he and a furnishing-goods friend of his made hay at that charity ball:

"The day that I struck town one of my customers said to me: 'We want you to go to the show to-morrow night and open the ball with a few remarks. Will you?'

"Just for fun I said, 'To be sure I will, Ike.' I did not think I would be taken in earnest, but the next day I received a program, and right at the head of it was my name down for the opening speech. Well, I was up against it, and I had to make good. You may take my word for it that I felt a little nervous that night when I came to the big hall and saw it full of people awaiting the opening address. I needed to have both sand on the bottoms of my shoes and sand in my upper story to keep from slipping down on the waxed floor! But, as I was in for it, I marched bravely up and sat down for a few minutes in the big chair.

"Then the first thing I knew I was introduced. Now, I was really in sympathy with the purpose of the gathering and I felt, sincerely, the atrocity of the Kishinef massacre. Consequently I was able to speak from the heart in telling my audience how every human being, without regard to race, was touched by such an outrage. Had I been running for Congress there I would have received every vote in the house. The women sent special requests by their husbands, asking the honor of a dance with me.

"Remember that the traveling man must not overlook the wife of his customer. Generally a man's nearest and truest friend is his wife. The business man feels that she is his best counselor. If you can get the good-will of the 'women folks' of your customer's household you may be sure you will be solid with him for keeps.

"TO-NIGHT WE DANCE—TO-MORROW WE SELL CLOTHES AGAIN"

"But I must not overlook my furnishing goods friend. He had been trained for an opera singer and would have made a success at it had he kept up with that profession. His business, however, prospered so well that he could never let go and look the prompter in the face. He had a rich, full, deep voice which, when he sang The Holy City, made the chandeliers fairly hum. There is something in the melodious human voice, anyway, that goes away down deep into the heart. My friend won everybody there with a song. He with his music and I with my speech had done a courtesy to those merchants which they and their wives appreciated. You know you can feel it somehow, when you are in true accord with those you meet.

'We really did not think anything about the business side of the matter that night. I forgot it altogether until, upon leaving the hall, my friend Ike said to me: 'To-night we dance —to-morrow we sell clothes again.' Both of us did a good business in that town on the strength of the charity ball, and we have held our friends there as solid customers. I say 'solid customers' but actually there is no such thing as a 'solid customer.' The very best friend you have will slip away from you some time, break out your corral, and you must mount your bronco, chase him down and rope him again.

A mighty true saying, that! It is a great disappointment to call upon a customer with whom you have been doing business for a long time and find that he has already bought. Oftimes this happens, however, because when you become intimate with a merchant you fail to continue to impress upon him the merits of your merchandise. However tight a rope the salesman feels that he has upon the merchant, he should never cease to let him know and make him feel that the goods he is selling are strictly right; for if he lets the line slacken a little the merchant may take a run and snap it in two.

One of my hat friends once told me how he went in to see an old customer named Williams, down in Texas, and found that he had bought a bill.

"When I reached home," said he, "I handed my checks to a porter, slipped half a dollar into his hand and told him to rush my trunks right up to the sample-room.

THE MINUTE I LET GO OF THE BUGGY OUT BROKE THE KID AGAIN

This is a thing that a salesman should do on general principles. When he has spent several dollars and many hours to get to a town he should bear in mind that he is there for business, and that he cannot do business well unless he has his goods in a sample-room. The man who goes out to work trade when his trunks are at the depot does so with only half a heart. If a man persuades himself that there is no business in a town for him he had better pass it up. When he gets to a town the first thing he should do is get out samples.

"When I had opened up my line," continued my friend, "I went over to Williams' store. I called at the window, as usual, and said: 'Well, Williams, I am open and ready for you any time. When shall we go over?'

To tell you the truth, Dickie,' said he, 'I have bought your line for this season. I might just as well come square out with it.

"'That is all right, Ed,' said I. 'If that is the case it will save us the trouble of doing the work over again.' In truth, my heart had sunk clear down to my heels, but I never let on. I simply smiled over the situation. The worst thing I could have done would have been to get mad and pout about it. Had I done so I should have lost out for good. The salesman who drops a crippled wing weakens himself, so I put on a smiling front. This made Williams become apologetic, for when he saw that I took the situation good-naturedly he felt sorry that he could not give me business and began to make explanations.

"'I tell you,' said he, 'this other man came around and told me that he could sell me a hat for twenty-one dollars a dozen as good as you are selling for twenty-four, and I thought it was to my business interest to buy them. I thought that I might as well have that extra twenty-five cents on every hat as your firm.'

"There! He had given me my chance. 'Williams,' said I, 'you bought these other goods on your judgment. Do you not owe it to yourself to know how good your judgment on hats is? You and I have been such good friends—Heaven knows I have not a better one in this country, Ed—that I never talk business to you and Johnnie, your buyer. Now, I'll tell you what is a fair proposition. You and Johnnie come over to my sample-room this afternoon at 1:30—I leave at four—and I will find out how good your judgment and Johnnie's is when it comes to buying hats.' Williams said: 'All right; 1:30 goes.'

"I immediately left, having a definite appointment. I went to my sample-room and laid out in a line twelve different kinds of hats, the prices of which ranged, in jumps of three dollars per dozen, from nine dollars to twenty-seven dollars. In the afternoon I went back to the store and got Williams and Johnnie. As we entered the sample-room I said 'Now, Williams, we are over here—you, Johnnie and myself—to see what you know about hats. If there is any line of goods in which you should know values certainly it is the line you have been handling for six years. You have

(Concluded on Page 19)

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE law of change, of passage—the pressure of time, in fact—is so strong upon everything that comes under its law at all, that not even in memory can we remain stationary. Fain, fain would Rosamond have lingered upon the first stage of that journey into the past she had so singularly engaged upon. But, in spite of herself, the wheels were turning, the moments dropping; from within as well as from without she was forced on and on, and she knew that in a little while she must reach the parting of the ways.

It having been ruled for us that life is almost all change, and that change is mostly sorrow, it is a dispensation of mercy that we should be blind travelers along the road, and never know what lies beyond. But Rosamond, who had rebelled against the natural law, was now, with eyes unsealed, advancing fatally toward the way of sorrows she had already once traversed, refusing to mourn at her appointed hour.

Fain would she have walked in the sheltered valley; fain even called back the old sleep of coldness. In vain. Time was marching, and she must march. And two there were that drove her forward, besides the relentless invisible power—Bethune, with his expectant close presence, and Sir Arthur, unbearable menace from the distance.

"And then, you know, the summons came," said she.

"I know," he answered. Then there was silence between them.

Lady Gerardine had come to Major Bethune in the little library where he spent some hours each morning over his work. These last days she had shown an unaccountable distaste to his presence in the attic room. And he, studying her now, thought that, in this short week of his visit, she had altered and wasted; that the bloom had faded on her cheek and that cheek itself was faintly hollowed. He had been poring over some old maps of the Baroghil district, pipe in mouth, when she entered upon him; and at sight of her he had risen to his feet, putting aside the brier with a muttered apology. But she, arrested in her advance, had stood inhaling the vapor of his tobacco, her lips parted with a quivering that was half smile, half pain.

"I like it," she had said dreamily. "It brings me back."

Awkward he nearly always felt himself before her, never more so than at these moments of self betrayal on her part, when every glimpse of her innermost feeling contradicted the hard facts of her life. He stood stiffly, not taking up his pipe at her bidding. Then, pulling herself together, she had advanced again, ceremoniously requesting him to be seated. She had only come to bring him another note, which she had omitted to join to those annals of Harry English's life up to their marriage, already in his hands.

He had just glanced at it and flicked it on one side, and then, at the expectancy of his silence, she had grown pale. There could be no turning back; she did not ask it, scarcely hoped for it. But, oh, if she might wait a little longer!

She sank into the worn leather armchair. It was a small room, lined with volumes, and the air was full of the smell of ancient bindings, ancient paper and print: that good smell of books, so grateful to the nostrils of one who loves them, mingled with the pungency of Bethune's tobacco.

The wild orchard came quite close to the window, and across the panes, under an impatient wind, the empty boughs went ceaselessly up and down like withered arms upon some perpetual useless signaling. To Rosamond they seemed spectres of past summers, waving her back from their own hopeless winter. The room was warm and rosy with firelight, but in her heart she felt cold. And Major Bethune sat waiting.

"I only had one or two letters from him," she faltered at last; "and then came the silence." Her lovely mouth twitched with pain; Raymond Bethune turned his eyes away from her face.

"He joined us at Gilgit," he said, staring out at the frantic boughs. "I remember how he looked, as he jogged in, toward evening, with his fellows—white with dust, his very hair powdered."

She clasped her hands; the tension slightly relaxed.

"You all loved him?" she said softly.

"Loved him!" he gave a short laugh. "Well, he was a sort of god to me, and to the men, too. Some of the subs thought him hard on them—so he was, hard as nails."

Astonishment filled her gaze. "Gad," said the man, "I remember poor little Faue—he went during the siege: fever—I remember the little fellow saying, half crying: 'I think English is made of stone.' But it was before he had seen him at the fighting. That was a leader of men!"

"Hard!" said Lady Gerardine. "Harry made of stone!" she gave a low laugh, half indignant.

"Don't you know," said Bethune, "that here"—he tapped the jagged lines of the mountain maps—"you can't do anything if you're not harder than the rocks? And with those devils of ours," his own face softened oddly as he spoke; "they're hard enough—they're devils, I tell you—to lead them right you've got to be more than devil yourself—you've got to be—an archangel."

Some vision of a glorious fighting Michael, with a stern, serene face of immutable justice, featured with the beauty of the dead, rose before Rosamond. She flushed and trembled; then she thought back again and with anger.

"Ah, but his heart," she said; "ah, you did not know him."

He wheeled round upon her and gazed at her, his cold eyes singularly enkindled.

"You forget," said he, and quoted, "that every man 'boasts two soul sides—one to face the world with, one to show a woman when he loves her.'"

"Ah!" said Rosamond. It was a tender cry, as if she had taken something very lovely to her heart and was holding it close. With an abrupt movement Bethune turned back to his

table, his harsh face looked harsher and more unemotional than usual, and he began folding up his papers as if he thought the conversation had lasted long enough

"Perhaps to-morrow," he said, "you will be able to give me the beginning of the siege papers"

"I will try," said Rosamond, catching her breath. And then, after a moment, she rose and left him without a word

Rosamond felt restless, the walls of the house oppressed her; the sound of the piano in the drawing room was maddening, she wanted to be out in the wide spaces with her overwhelming thoughts. She caught up a cape, drew the hood over her head, and went quickly forth to meet the December wind

Down the grass-grown avenues, under the bereft and complaining orchard trees, she went, making for the downs. At the boundary gate she met the old one-armed postman toiling with his burden. He thrust a letter into her hand and passed on. She saw that it was addressed in Sir Arthur's writing, and bore the stamp of Melbury. She broke it open and read impatiently, eager to be back with her absorbing dream. Her husband was urgently summoning her to join him at once under Lady Aspasia's roof. He expressed surprise, tinged with dissatisfaction, that Lady Aspasia's kind letter of invitation to her should have remained unanswered

"No doubt, dear," Sir Arthur wrote, "you are waiting until you can ascertain the date of your visitor's departure, but this must not be allowed to interfere." Here was a command. Rosamond gave a vague laugh

"Who is the guest, by the way? I am expecting a letter from you, forwarded from London. Probably you have written to Claridge's. I would gladly accede to your request and come at once to the manor-house. . . ." She stared as the phrase caught her eyes, then laughed again: "Poor man—what was he thinking of?"

She crumpled the sheet in her hand and walked on. The wind blew fiercely across the downs, every leaf and spray, every dry gorse bush, every blade of rank grass was writhen and bent in the same direction. She struggled to the shelter of a hazel copse and sat her down.

Before her stretched the moorland, dun gray and yellow, dipping to the horizon; above her head the sky was leaden gray, charged with cloud wrack—a huge bowl of storm. She thought of that glowing Indian morning when he had told her he must leave her, and of the twenty-four hours that had elapsed between that moment and their parting. What tenderness, gentler than a woman's, had he not revealed to her then—Harry English, the hard man, fierce angel-leader of devils! And the words of Browning rushed back upon her once again as a message of balm

two soul sides—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her

Ah, nothing could rob her of that! She had been the woman he had loved, and the soul side he had shown to her, most generous, most sacred, most beautiful, was what no other being in the universe could have from him, not even his God!

They had parted in the dawn, the Indian dawn, all shot with flame. Not once had he faltered in his resolute cheerfulness. He had kissed her and blessed her as she lay in bed. But at the door he had halted to look upon her a last time; and she was weeping. Then he had flung himself back beside her . . . and now she closed her eyes and shuddered on the memory of his last kisses

With the chill, barren earth beneath her, the lowering winter sky above, the sun-warmth of his love again enfolded her. It was as if his presence brooded upon her. Oh, could she but die and be with him! "Harry, I am yours," she called to him in the passion of her soul, "yours only—love, take me!"

So strong seemed the atmosphere of his spirit about her that she looked around wildly, almost feeling as if her soul cry must have called back the dead. There stretched the iron earth, there hung the relentless skies—the world was empty

The copse where she had chosen to rest was on the higher downs, and before her the land fell away gently yet so surely that the high chimney-stack of the Old Ancient House would scarcely have caught the eye against the opposite slope, save for its rising smoke columns, which the wind seized and tore to flakes

As she gazed, unseeing, upon the desolate spectacle, a gleam of something unwonted, something like a huge crimson bird, moved vaguely tropical in all the duns and grays. She wondered a while, and then realized—realized with a sudden sick spasm

It was the red turban of Muhammed Saif-u-din. How sinister it looked, how unnatural a bloodstain under this pale English sky! Yonder son of the treacherous race that she could not banish from her life, even in this peaceful abode of her widowhood—Sir Arthur's secretary. . . . Sir Arthur! Her husband. The man to whom she had given the claim of what was left of her life! . . . Thought followed on thought up to this culminating point. And then it was to Lady Gerardine as if some veil was rent before her mental vision, and she saw—saw at last—with that agony to the sight of sudden glare in the darkness, what she had done

These last weeks she had lived in a dream, and every aspiration of her soul, every tendency of her life, had drifted always farther away from the existence she and Fate had chosen for herself. Now there was a gulf between Rosamond English and Rosamond Gerardine; and by the hot recoil of her blood she knew that it was impassable. How could she ever go back; again be wife of the man she loved not, she who was widow of the man she loved?

She looked for the letter in her hand to cast it from her, and found that it had already escaped her careless hold. Upon the yellow grass at her feet the wind was chasing it, turning it mockingly over and over, a contemptible, foolish thing, meanly out of place among the withered leaves, the naturally dying things of the fields

So little place had Sir Arthur Gerardine in the life of Rosamond—Rosamond, the widow of Harry English!

CHAPTER XIA

FULL winter seemed to have come in a night; everywhere rime lay white upon the land; every blade was a frosted silver spear. Not a leaf yet kept the summer green; shrunken, brown and yellow, they hung by their brittle stems; it was a still morning, and he who had ears to listen to Nature sounds all through the woods could have heard ever and anon the sigh of one falling here and there. A dim blue winter sky held the world; the sunshine was serene and faintly warm, like the heart of a good old man. The air was like iced wine to drink, invigorating, tingling through the veins. It painted Aspasia's cheeks a splendid scarlet. It filled her with the spirits of all young things—foals and kittens and cubs; so that she could hardly keep from prancing down the iron path, from cutting steps on the stiff grass to hear it crackle beneath her feet

As Bethune looked at her he thought she was as pretty as a winter robin in her brown furs. Her eyes glistened as she flung quick glances at him; her dimples came and went; her teeth flashed as she chattered at headlong speed. They were going to Sunday service at the village church a couple of miles away, and Baby was setting forth with a delightful sense of vigor and freedom

Those whose fate binds them to cities can have no idea of the delicate joys of the country walk with the beloved one—him or her—who fills the thoughts. Alas! for the poor girl who has no better pleasure than to tramp along the crowded street. What does she know of the loveliness of "solitude for two," of the dear sympathy of Nature, perfect in every season, with the heart that is of her clay?

Not, indeed, that Miss Cunningham acknowledged even to herself that Raymond Bethune was the present lord of her mind, much less her beloved. Nevertheless, the glamor of the hour that strikes but once in a lifetime was upon her. Love, first love, the only love, comparable but to the most exquisite mystery of the dawn, of the spring; happiness so evanescent that a touch will destroy it, so delicate that the scent of it is obliterated by fulfillment; so utterly made of anticipation, of unrealized, unformed desire, that to shape it,

FOLLOWING THE STRONG PINIONS OF HER ART, HER YOUNG EMOTIONS HAD BEGUN TO BEAT TENTATIVE WINGS

SHE WANTED TO BE OUT IN THE WIDE SPACES WITH HER OVERWHELMING THOUGHTS

to seize it, is to lose it—is it not strange that we, to whom such a gift is granted, receive it, nearly all of us, not as we should, on our knees, but grossly, greedily, impatiently, ungratefully, hurrying through the golden moments, tearing apart the gossamer veil, grasping the flower from the stem before its unfolding? No wonder that to most the day that follows on this dawn should be so full of heat and burden, the fruit of this blossom so sour to the parent that the children's teeth are on edge; that, behind the veil, the vision should prove dull, flat and unprofitable!

Now Aspasia, though a very creature of earth and one that knew no transcendental longings, had kept the pure heart of her childhood; and therefore this hour of her first love, all vague, all unacknowledged, was wholly sweet

They knelt, Bethune and she, side by side, in the small bare church. She flung him a look of comical anguish over the grunting of the harmonium and the unmelodious chants of the village choir. She struck into a hymn herself, in a high, clear pipe, as true as a robin's song. A pale young clergyman, with protruding eyeballs, led the service with a sort of anæmic piety; grand old Bible words were gabbled or droned; grand old church prayers, with the dignity of an antique faith still resounding in them—who that heard seemed to care? It was the Sunday routine, and that was all

Bethune saw the girl's fingers unconsciously practicing musical exercises on the ledge of the pew; when their eyes met once she made a childish grimace. She, for one, was frankly bored. As for him, had he any faith? He had hardly ever thought even of putting the question. He went to the church service of his country as a matter of course, as his grandfathers had done before him. It was part of the etiquette of his military life. Now and again he had been moved to a solemn stir of the feelings during some brief soldier's ceremony—the hurried funeral, perhaps, of an English lad far away from home land. But so had he been moved by the bugle-call, by the hurrah on the field. Life and death, love and religion, what did they mean? What are we, when all is said and done, but the toys of a blind fate?

There is but one thing sure in the uncertainty, he told himself, but one staff in the wilderness, one anchor in the turmoil—duty

The damp-stained wall at his side was starred with memorials. He began to contemplate them, idly at first, then with an enkindling interest. Here was an old stone slab commemorating, in half-obliterated words, some son of a Dorset house who had died for the country in far Peninsular days "in the twentieth year of his age." A young existence, to be thus cut short! Yet, had he lived, and given life, his own would now be well nigh forgotten

Under this was a black marble tablet. The blood rushed to his face as he read, and then ebbed, leaving him cold

TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN HENRY ENGLISH
OF HER MAJESTY'S INDIAN STAFF CORPS
KILLED ON SERVICE IN THE PAMIRS
AGED 28

Thus ran the sober inscription. Followed the text, more triumphant than sorrowful

He that loseth his life shall find it

And then the words

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY HIS MOTHER

Behind him, by just turning his head, he could see another memorial. A plate of flaming brass, this one; large, for it had to hold many names, and very new. It was scored in vermilion tribute to those yeomen—gentlemen and peasant—who, at the first breath of disaster, had hurried overseas from the peaceful district to uphold the mother country in a point of honor and had found quick honor themselves. In a little while these blood red letters, too, would fade, but not so quickly as the memory of grief in the hearts of those who had sent their lads off with such tears, such acclamations. Bethune thought to himself, with a bitter smile, that there was not one of the churches dotted all over the wide English land where some such brand-new memorial had not been nailed this last year, and how, Sunday after Sunday, the eyes of the congregation would sweep past it, with ever-growing dullness of custom, until the record came to mean no more than the gray stones of the walls themselves. No less quickly than England, the moment of peril past, forgets those who rose to her call and fell for her name, does the thought of the brother, the comrade, the son, pass from the home circle! Not that he pitied the forgotten; not that he wished it otherwise with his country. It was well for England that her sons should think it a matter of course to give their lives for her. And it was what he could wish for himself, to die where his duty was, and be obliterated. Who, indeed, should remember him who had no ties of kinship and had lost his only friend? . . . Who should be remembered when Harry English was already forgotten?

His lips curled as he flung a glance along the aisles and wondered if any heart, under these many-colored Sunday garments, still beat true to the lost lover; nay, how many comfortable widows had already brought a second mate to worship under the tablet that commemorated the first? Hold! yet the mothers remember—this was the church where Harry English had worshiped beside his mother: the grand, tender, silent woman whom Bethune, too, had loved: the mother who had been alone, with himself, to mourn!

When he had set out on his way this morning he had been moved by the thought that to kneel where his friend had knelt was the last and only tribute he could pay that memory. The mountain torrent had robbed them of his grave; but in the shrine which sheltered his tablet, in this church of a communion that had rigidly severed the old fond ties between the living and the departed, no service could yet now be held that would not be in some sort a commemoration.

As the thoughts surged through his mind like wreckage on the waves of his feelings, he seemed to go back, with a passion that almost had something of remorse, to his old sorrow for English and to his old bitterness against the woman who had put another in his comrade's place.

In vision he placed the two men before him: Harry, stern, eager, true, with his rare, beautiful smile—eagle of glance, clear of mind, unerring of judgment, swift of action. Harry English, the unrecognized hero of the deep, strong heart; he whose courage at the crucial moment had maintained the honor of England; who, in saving the frontier stronghold, had, as Bethune knew, saved India from gathering disaster! And Sir Arthur Geraldine, the great man, with his fatuous smile, his fatal self-complacency, his ignorant policy—Sir Arthur Gerardine in his high place, working untold future mischief to the Empire with mane diligence. Bethune almost laughed as he pictured the Lieutenant Governor to himself, one of the many of his order, busy in picking out stone by stone the great foundations planned by the brains of Lawrences, cemented by the blood of Nicholsons

And yet this Rosamond Gerardine, who had borne the name of English, could not be dismissed merely as one who, light-natured, had found it easy and profitable to forget. Sphinx, she had haunted his thoughts that Indian night as he had walked back from her palace, carrying with him her image white and stately in the flash of her diamonds and the green fires of her emeralds . . . the great lady, who knew the value of her smiles and gave the largess but with condescension. Sphinx she was even more to him now whether hurrying from her walk to receive him, wide eyed in the firelight, with the bloom of a girl on her cheek and an exquisite gracious timidity; or wan in her black robes—widow, indeed, it seemed—drinking in with speechless tenderness of sorrow every memory of the lost friend, as if no Sir Arthur Gerardine had ever stepped between her and her beloved

Was this attitude but a phase of a sick woman's fancy, to be dropped when the mood had passed? Was not, in truth, Lady Gerardine in this freakish humor as false to Sir Arthur, who had given her affluence and position, as she had been to him who had given her his love and faith? Deep down under his consciousness there was a little angry grudge against her that she should not have accompanied them this morning. Were she now sincere she would have felt the same desire as he himself to pray where the walls heralded Harry English's name. Bethune did not know—so little do even the most straightforward know themselves—that had she knelt by his side to-day it would have been perilously sweet to him: that had her footsteps gone with his along the frosted roads between the brown hedges, that way, to him, would have remained in fragrance as with a memory of flowers.

"Didn't you think," asked Baby, "that Mr. Smith—his name is Algernon Vandeleur Smith: he's the curate—don't you think his eyes would drop out of his head? They make me feel quite ill!" They were walking down the flagged churchyard path, and Baby was stamping her small, cold feet. She was talking in a high, irate voice, regardless of hearers. "Did you ever listen to such a sermon?"

She opened her bright eyes very wide and made a fishlike mouth in imitation of the Reverend Algernon: "'And now, brethren, shortly, briefly, and in a few words, not wishing to detain you longer, I will endeavor to set before you with conciseness and brevity ——'" She was a born mimic, and had caught the dreary young divine's very intonation.

Bethune had no laugh for her. His heart was sore. For once the girl's mood jarred on him.

She was quick to feel the shadow of his thoughts. The dimple went out of her cheek, the spring from her step. The icy brilliancy of the day seemed suddenly dim to her. The walk before them, toward which she had been yearning with delicious anticipation, became instantly a weariness

This gossamer of early love, it needs but a breath of adverse wind to tear it apart and set it afloat in forlorn shreds: mere flecks to the caprice of the airs, it that has been a fairy bridge for the dance of the sunbeams! For a long while they trudged together in silence. But all at once Bethune, looking down upon her, was smitten, not by any hint of her dawning sentiments toward him, but by the consciousness that he must have seemed surly toward a mirthful child.

"God knows," he thought heavily, "the world gets sad enough, soon enough, to make it shame to cloud even one

THEY KNELT, BETHUNE AND SHE, SIDE BY SIDE, IN THE SMALL, BARE CHURCH

moment for the children." Himself, he felt old and sad.

"So silent?" said he, turning upon her that softened look she loved.

She glanced up at him, forcing a smile, but over her frank eyes there was a wet shimmer that she winked away indignantly. Once again, as on that Indian evening when he had seen Lady Gerardine fit her slender hand into the death prints of the burnt queens, it struck him that here, in this open-hearted, sweet-natured, gay-spirited girl, a man might find a companion for life to help and comfort—a piece of charming, wholesome prose, but . .

Raymond Bethune, in his lonely, isolated life, had had dreams—dreams that his temper had been too narrow, too severely matter-of fact, to bring into any connection with his actions. He had dreamed his dream as he had read his book of poetry, to lay it aside without a sigh and take up the moment's duty, as one lays aside a flower, a thing of fragrance, a passing pleasure, that has no further influence on life.

Now this woman, whom he despised, who had outraged the deepest feeling of his life, had become, in some inexplicable manner, the embodiment of these inconsequent dreams. Her deep eyes, shadowed with sorrow as the tarn by the mountain height; the trick of her sigh, the balm of her rare smile, the melody of her voice, those low tones that seemed as charged with mystery as the wind by the whispers of the forest depths, all were as

> Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. . . .

She was a vision of poetry that could be lived, that could become part of a man's very flesh and blood!

Of a sudden he realized it. His heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still; but the habit of years and the hard common-sense of his nature asserted themselves in violent reaction. He colored to the roots of his hair in shame at the monstrousness, the absurdity of the thought to which his idle, dissatisfied mood had led him

The girl saw his emotion and innocently attributed it to quite another cause; connected it with the expression of his glance when it had rested upon her. The song awoke once more in her heart, circling higher and higher like a June lark. Renewed joy began to bubble from her lips in laughter and talk.

When they emerged from the copse to the top of the downs, where the road dipped into the hollow, she halted with an exclamation

"See," she cried, "the grass looks all gold and silver! And oh! did any one ever behold anything so pale, so tle, so blue, blue as the sky! Oh! isn't this better than India; don't you love it; wouldn't you like to put your arm round England and kiss her?"

"England, the mother; India, the mistress," thought Bethune. Then, at a maddening tangent flight, his mind took wing. The words of Doctor Châtelard came back to him: "Cold, that woman? Touch that coldness and be burnt to the bone!" He revolted from his own soul as it flamed within him. He would have liked to set off running across the frozen downs to that far violet line where washed the sea; to plunge into the icy waves, into the bitter turmoil of the living waters, to wash the degrading madness from him

Aspasia's fresh laugh brought his spirit back to her with a renewed revulsion

Look! look!" she cried once more; "there's Muhammed's turban going up and down, and up and down, the garden path! I wonder what he's thinking of? Not Runkle's monumental work, I'm sure. Ugh! I declare it's uncanny only to look at that absurd turban in this winter land. It's bad enough to have Jani chattering about the house like a human castanet, without having that creature tramping up and down outside the window, day after day. Major Bethune, I wish you'd speak to the creature—and find out what he is up to I never saw anything so restless in my life."

Oh, we've had several conversations," answered Bethune, following with his eyes the movement of the red headdress in the distant hollow. "That is to say, I have done a lively bit of talking to him, and he has given me mighty polite answers and said nothing at all. Those fellows, Miss Aspasia, are queer cattle, proud as Lucifer, secret as the tiger in the jungle. That one down there, however, is of the modern school—a sort of animal I don't profess to understand, but one, at any rate, I should not care to trust myself. Sir Arthur would have done just as well to leave him in India"

"Gracious!" cried Aspasia. Her mind sprang: "Perhaps he's after Runkle! Oh, Major Bethune, you know what a mess poor Runkle is making of things out there; I shouldn't like him to be thugged! I always told him he was laying the seed of mutiny," said Miss Aspasia with tragic emphasis.

Bethune gave his rare laugh. "Muhammed Saif-u-din would hardly have come over all the way to England to make his private mutiny when he could accomplish the matter with more kudos in India, and have a good chance of saving his own skin besides."

Aspasia shook her head, preferring to cling to her own dramatic inspiration.

"Well, I'll give Runkle a warning, anyhow," said she. "There's something fishy about Muhammed. You may laugh at me, if you like; but the man is eaten up with some secret thought, some sinister thought. There's a look in his eyes that makes me shiver. And when he smiles—ugh! I do hate Easterns."

He glanced at her reflectively, then he smiled. Such a sentiment from any one else would have aroused his indignation; but it was impossible to take Miss Aspasia

(Continued on Page 30)

MY CLASSMATE SHEFFIELD

A Story of the Amenities and the Plains

By Richard Washburn Child

IF YOU have ever read the magazine of which John Garrick Sheffield is the editor you must have noticed that during his time almost all the fiction has been the sort with city scenes, pictures of metropolitan life decorated with arc lamps, frosted cab windows, heavy salon hangings and the clever but immaterial conversations of persons in evening clothes and their relatives. No tales of uncultured character with a background of curling sea water, Arizona desert or tenement stairway ever passed his desk marked "Yes." Doubtless if this had been pointed out to him he would have denied that it was through any "policy of the magazine"—but it was none the less true. In saying this I do not wish it understood that I have ever submitted any MSS. to be scored by his prim pen. I only wish so to describe Sheffield that others can appreciate the sort of character upon which Nan Hood played such a spontaneous and very practical joke.

In the middle of New Mexico there blisters a little town, with a yellow railroad station, a plaza, Mexicans and their adobe houses, and putty-faced Navajo Indians who sit on the baggage-trucks in the sunlight. To this town Sheffield was sent by his doctor—much to the editor's disgust. He would never have left the civilized and refined byways of New York of his own volition except possibly to go to Lenox or to London, but he had come to that state of health which is called for convenience "a run down condition." Like a few others whose fathers have left them a fortune, Sheffield had worked like a beaver. Those who dislike him—and they are a host—are fond of saying that he edits the magazine because he owns it; and this is true. But, nevertheless, for all his narrow viewpoint and smug, conventional habit of mind and artificiality of manner, J. Garrick is a very decent fellow. He was a classmate of mine.

He came into the West, contrary to the prophecy of all his most respectable and matter-of-fact family, without any interest in the scenery, which usually startles an Easterner with its flat expanse or its mountainous angles, or its people, who usually startle the Easterner in about the same way. An April sunrise peeping over the brim of the desert found him standing on the platform of the New Mexico station trying to shake out the wrinkles of four nights in a Pullman and wondering if the brown, dusty ranchman before him could really be Nathan Tower, who had roomed just across the hall during their Senior year.

"Nat, I cannot tell you how beamish I feel to see you. I've got a trunk here somewhere,' said he. "It's awfully good of you to take me in this way."

"Nonsense," laughed Tower in a rich out-of-door voice. "Take a handle of your trunk and we'll fling it into this wagon. My wife is more than anxious to see you—you'll be the first of my old crowd she's ever seen. And her sister is with us now—reminds me of Bessie Cunningham—remember?"

"We've got nearly five miles before us," Tower went on when they were seated on the board seat of the rattling ranch wagon, "and this old horse is so slow he can trot all day in the shade of a tree."

"You live in the suburbs, if one may so call them, Sheffield ventured. "You'll excuse me on the ground that I am a tenderfoot if I ask if you do not find it an exceedingly limited sort of life, Tower? The constant expanse of this waste would drive me mad, I believe. I should think that it would exaggerate the ego to a point of insanity."

His friend Nathan rubbed the back of his hand across his stubble beard. "It depends upon the ego," he said dryly. The realization that men who shared a common viewpoint in academic life might grow into widely diversified interests suddenly came upon him and transformed the man beside him, with the thin white hands resting on his knees, from John Sheffield, of the class of '89, to J. Garrick Sheffield, a New York editor and a newly-made acquaintance. He was silent until they were coming to the end of their journey.

"That is our ranch house in that group of trees. There are five other ranches within fifty yards of us—clustered around the only water within five miles. The ranges all come to a common centre right there, and then spread out like the spaces between the spokes of a wheel."

"Oh, really?" Sheffield was pleasantly surprised to see that the long, low-built house was painted an attractive red and did not look unlike a Long Island summer cottage.

"Let me leave your outfit here for a moment," said Tower, swinging the trunk on to the veranda. "Make yourself comfortable while I put this cayuse back into the corral." He disappeared behind the house, and Sheffield sighed and sat down in a rocker. A man in a sombrero galloped past, his arm swinging on his horse's flank, and wheeled gracefully around the corner of the ranch house across the way, with a tin canteen jingling against the high pommel of his saddle. Behind Sheffield the screen door creaked, and he turned to see a girl looking upon him with an amused smile on her red lips. She was brown and freckled.

HIS BACK ARCHED LIKE A GOTHIC DOORWAY

"I'm Nan Hood," said she, as if letting the editor into her confidence. "Did my brother-in-law leave you alone here?"

"Oh, no," stammered the other, rising formally. "He will be back in a minute."

"They have a dreadful way of leaving their guests to shift for themselves. I'm a guest here quite often—three times in four years," she went on. Sheffield was looking with a pleased eye at the long, heavy braids of yellow hair that hung to her waist as she perched herself on the railing. "But, of course, I'm not a distinguished guest," she finished suggestively.

"Surely, I am not either," protested Sheffield with ill-concealed pleasure. "I wrote myself into obscurity in New York, and then, by virtue of that bitter experience, I have been doomed to help others to do the same. I think that, in New York, they would hardly call that distinction."

"But out here they have a different standard," said the girl, folding her hands. "They will admire you in this country for being able to write a story just as you in return will admire them for being able to follow a trail or rope a steer or split the ear of a jack rabbit."

"They will have the best of the bargain, I am afraid," said the editor in a smooth, smug voice. "I do not envy them their cunning—it would not be very useful in the borough of Manhattan, to which I hope soon to return."

"I am surprised that you do not want to stay here always, for a man with a real love of big thoughts and big things ought to love the colored expanse of this desert." She made a sweeping motion of one hand—a hand tanned to a delicate and wholesome brown. "I should think that the city would feel stifling to you and limited by the elbows of men."

"You do not know New York," said Sheffield. "Life has more facets, more interests, a more complex drama in a metropolis, and a cosmopolitan's mind is starved in the more untrodden, untutored byways."

Fortunately for the editor he did not see the smile upon the young girl's lips; nor did he notice anything unusual in the girl's voice as she said: "I am sure we shall do all we can to furnish you with what interests we have."

The conversation which Sheffield found satisfactory, more because it had impressed a very attractive young woman than because he thought he had won any remarkable victory of thought, was ended by the coming of Tower, who took away Sheffield and pulled his trunk up the stairs. Mrs. Tower came out upon the veranda, deftly whisking off an apron.

"I heard you talking to him, Nan," she said. "What do you think?"

Her sister jumped down off the railing and smiled. "I think he will be no end of sport," answered she. "We have already had our little philosophical differences. He has a contempt for what he would call the broader Americanism, and I think he imagines that I am what a Harvard man would pick out as a typical Western girl—the sort of girl who hangs little mottoes like 'Make each day a bright jewel' on her dressing table."

"Is he that kind?" exclaimed the other. "I sha'n't know what to do with him."

"I shall," Nan said, her eyes sparkling. "I shall feed the West to him in large, anti-New York doses. I'm going to take him out and put him on Needles after breakfast."

"You'll break his neck."

"Possibly. But he'll die knowing that there are other dangers besides the Broadway cables."

Nan did as she had promised. Needles was a yellow horse with a yellow coat and a yellow spirit; Nan pointed him out to Sheffield and told him that he might as well get his seat on that beast as any other as long as he was out of practice and in a country where one has to do much riding. Together they saddled him, and when a strand of Miss Hood's hair blew across his face, which happens conventionally on such occasions, he drew back in an embarrassed manner.

"Are you afraid?" asked Nan.

"Not at all," said the editor, his eyeglasses adjusted and his foot in the stirrup.

A bucking horse is an experience. When Sheffield was well astride he felt a tremulous, wriggling motion of the sort described by eminent geologists as prefacing the incipient eruption of a volcano. Thereafter the world cracked about his ears and he remembered dimly the machines at soda fountains in which they mix egg phosphates. It was an epoch in his life, and at the beginning of a new era he found himself sitting on the sand just outside the gate of the corral. Miss Hood was laughing heartily, but not brutally, since she knew that he was not hurt sooner than he found it out himself. Sheffield is somewhat of a sportsman at heart, so he laughed, too, but stopped to rise in alarm and with ardent protestations when he saw the girl nimbly spring into the saddle he had just left.

"No! No!" he exclaimed excitedly, but the girl had already dug her little heels into the horse's lean sides. The brute tossed his red, distended nose and rose from the ground, his legs stiffened and his back arched like a Gothic doorway. Both the horse and the rider trembled with the impact as they pounded back against the sand; the girl's hair, which had been coiled upon her head since breakfast, shook out in golden looseness, and, as the creature bolted, it flew out behind like a long golden streamer. The dust rose in smoky curls above the desert as horse and rider wheeled off through the greasewood bushes. Sheffield watched the performance in breathless excitement and wondered when the girl would be dashed down, and marveled still more when she rode the animal back to the corral gate and slid off his back to the ground.

She was panting and the color had sprung to her cheeks, on her finger was a red gash where she had hurt it on the pommel of the saddle.

"You have no right to take those chances, Miss Hood—you have hurt yourself as it is," exclaimed Sheffield half indignantly and yet almost on the verge of applauding the performance, as if he had been in a box at the Madison Square Garden.

"Why not?" she asked, looking him full in the eyes. "It's a part of our life out here not to let any horse get the better of us. I've ridden Needles before, and I can tell you that he does not buck half so badly as he used to."

"How Tower will laugh at me," said Sheffield. "I do not doubt that I cut a very ridiculous figure." It was the first time he had stepped down off his mental pedestal.

"Perfectly," agreed the girl as they turned toward the ranch house.

Sheffield was rather surprised that the Towers did not mention his adventure with Needles; several days went by in which he read a little, bravely rode a little, and learned how to tell a coyote from a jack rabbit and that the big purple mesas were several miles away instead of several hundred yards, but neither Miss Hood nor their hosts ever poked a word of fun at him, for which he was grateful. Unconsciously he had ruled off a mental balance-sheet upon which he was trying to figure out the assets and liabilities of Miss Nan's rather erratic character, and little by little he found her company more and more interesting. "In spite of the fact that she is rather raw," he concluded, "one may say that she is decidedly worth while—she has many ideas." And this although the girl had called him a "galoot," and had listened intently to his opinion of the work of Albrecht Durer only to ask if that artist ever did any illustrating. Whereupon the editor put on Tower's sombrero, which he found more serviceable than a golf cap, snapped his cigarette at a little lizard on

the sand, and went out to mount his patient, droop headed pony that stood at the gate of the corral

On his way he met Miss Nan, radiant and excited; she carried several sheets of paper in her hand

"Oh, say!" she exclaimed. "I've just been in the shade of the house, and I've done the most daring thing! I've written a story—or, rather, begun a story. I think your being around has brought the inspiration to me. And you're an editor—I'm sure you will be kind to a literary gosling like me and tell me just exactly what you think of it

Internally Sheffield was furious; he swallowed his embarrassment and assumed a fatherly air. "Let us go back to the porch," said he, in the manner of a patron of the arts

"This is my first attempt," said the girl, laughing. The editor looked up over his eyeglasses at her merry face and noted that she had a very poor sense of humor. It was a relief, however, that the pages were written in a bold hand without correction and that there were only three sheets at the most. The editor set his eyes to the task

"Bert Carruthers sat in his armchair before the fire," the story began. "Outside the wind howled dismally, but within all was pleasant and warm. On the mantelpiece was a photograph of a young girl; Carruthers looked at it and shuddered." Here appeared a line of rough asterisks to denote a break in the story. "Five years before, Rose Thornton had stood at the station platform of the little town of X," the story went on. "She was worried, and showed it on her innocent face, since she had driven in from her uncle's farm to meet the lawyer who was coming to defend her brother on the charge of robbery from the National Bank. Her brother was innocent. Of that she was sure. Suddenly the train came in and a young man with a green bag alighted Rose gasped. The young man was the lawyer who was to plead at the bar of justice for her brother, and yet there was something subtle about him

The poor girl could not analyze her feelings, but she knew something important had come into her life. A happy little bird sang in the high trees above her and a cricket in the grass, and yet——"

The editor read this far and then, while he was thinking what he should say to the poor girl that would not brutally crush her feelings and yet would act as a preventive of a second attack of literary malaria, he mechanically turned the remaining two pages for the sake of gallantry. The difficult task of convincing a person that he is better fitted for pots and pans or pick and shovel than for the arena of letters had been handled by him in the past with some grace, but now he was at a disadvantage

"Let me read this over again," gasped the miserable Sheffield without looking up It was a cowardly speech

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Miss Hood, awakening from an apparent reverie in the wicker armchair and smiling bewitchingly; "I am so anxious about it. Things one does like that are so dear to one—I'm sure you understand So I'll leave you alone now." She reached for a magazine on the table, tucking it under her arm with a dextrous turn of her round wrist, and the screen door slammed after her

The editor sighed, and, having moved his chair around into the farthest corner of the piazza, he leaned back against the closed blinds of the dining-room and gazed out across the quiet expanse of desert. "If I had a girl with a fair share of culture and this girl what a composite I could make," he said

Now, persons who are fond of practical jokes are not always sufficiently cautious. Nan Hood had found her older sister, Mrs. Tower, in the dining-room, where that attractive young matron had gone to hold a council with the indispensable Chinese steward

"It is wonderful, Ethel," Sheffield heard her say from his unlucky point of vantage outside. "I have invented a most marvelous torture—don't laugh or I can't tell you. I have written the beginning of a story and have asked him to criticise it. I believe he nearly shed tears of pity when he read it. It is much the best bit of acting I have done—far better than the Western heroine slang I've flung at him."

"Nat will be down about your ears, Nan—he thinks your little one-ring circus is far too strenuous, and, frankly, I think that making him perform in the way you do is way beyond the limits of decent hospitality What are you going to do to him next?"

"Next? Ah! the next will happen to-morrow," said the girl in a stage voice. "I have got Peter Cross, from Benson's ranch, to hold us up. He's going to meet us with two empty Colts and a black mask at the base of the Daybreak Mesa and go through a real highway robbery. Now, don't look so doubtful. As long as Nat has been so busy with his old sheep I have been entertainer, and I mean to be a good one."

"Well," said Ethel, "it seems almost legitimate to rub it in—he is so unbearably condescending and patronizing and smuggish. Nat likes him, but I think he is a plain——"

"No, you don't, Ethel," protested Nan suddenly; "he is only a little green. I like him because he really has much—well, call them sizable qualities

The editor, as he was forced to listen to this feminine dialogue, became more and more angry; his thin, nervous hands trembled with shame and rage. He considered that the most sacred obligations of friendship, hospitality and honor had been violated. He was seized by violent impulses to leave that night, to rush into the house and burst upon these women with eloquent invective; he desired to set fire to the ranch and ride away shooting a rifle at the flames As his mind became cooler he reviewed the incidents of his visit chronologically, as a careful student might review the fall of the Roman Empire. It was with a sinking, dyspeptic feeling of mortification that he realized he had played the self satisfied ass, had been made the easy dupe of a girl who was a little brighter, possibly a little more sophisticated than he. After all his contempt for the West and its intellect, a young girl the product of the frontier, had gracefully whisked him hither and thither through a scene of grotesque comedy in which he had appeared in the rôle of Conceit being chased around the stage by Wit with a slapstick

"PROTECT ME! PROTECT ME!" CRIED MISS NAN TRAGICALLY

Sheffield smiled grimly and wished for the moment when the highway robbery should take place. He made his way back to the front porch and again took Miss Hood's folded manuscript from his pocket, waiting expectantly for the girl to return. Before many minutes she came back to him

"You are still reading it," she said archly; "that is so good of you. Tell me about it—honestly."

"I have given it only a very slight consideration," replied the editor in a dry tone. "It seems to me to have many faults, yet admirably adapted to its purpose."

The girl looked up with a quick, scrutinizing glance, but Sheffield was gazing at her through his glasses with a wide, innocent, blue-eyed stare

"Say," she went on with a forced nasal twang, "want to ride out to some Aztec ruins with me to-morrow? I just love ruins—they're sort of romantic, don't you think? Of course, these ruins are nothing but bits of broken bricks and things."

"It will be a most pleasant affair," said Sheffield, bowing

Nan wondered why he had chosen to call the ride an "affair"; it was a curious word to use in speaking of a short horseback ride. He used the expression again after they had started the next morning riding into the face of the sunrise across the desert, but Nan soon forgot it since Sheffield suddenly became unusually entertaining

The girl was very attentive. She reflected that there were not many men who could talk so well and with such warm human interest while riding mile after mile across the desert at a jerky, army trot. Something that had before been a striking characteristic in the editor was now lacking Miss Hood suddenly realized that he had not once spoken of himself.

Several rods ahead of them the Daybreak Mesa threw a square shadow of four acres on the desert. Among the loose rocks that had fallen to the base a man sat motionless on a horse. Sheffield saw him there with no little pleasure, but he called Miss Hood's attention to the stranger in a timid, doubtful tone which at once awakened her to the part she was about to play in the comedy.

"Oh, dear," said she in tearful alarm, "do you suppose he will harm us? You have no weapon and—oh, if it should happen to be Black Bert from Albuquerque! Tell me, Mr Sheffield, do you believe it is he?"

"I am sure I do not know," replied the editor. "I have made the acquaintance of some rather disreputable characters on the East Side, but doubtless you know more about this gentleman than I. Probably he is a lovesick cowboy pining for a Mexican señorita."

"Look!" said the girl in terror "He is riding to meet us."

"True," replied Sheffield. "My diagnosis, if I can call it that, was wrong. I think he is masked," he continued, his voice trembling. "What shall we do? This is serious!"

Miss Nan hid her laughter behind her hands and called upon her escort to protect her. "We cannot fly," she exclaimed; "it is too late!"

The editor also hid a broad smile and replied: "Too late for both of us, but I think you had better retreat a few yards and leave me to meet this ruffian alone. To be sure he has weapons——

Sheffield was interrupted by the sharp command of the armed and masked rider, who had now lessened the distance to only a few yards "Hold up your feelers!" the bad man bellowed, leveling two black revolvers that looked as big as cannon "Get off your saddle, you horsefly!" The victim gave a sharp cry of terror and, jumping off his pony, stretched his fingers heavenward. Behind him the girl leaned forward on her horse's neck in silent mirth

"Now," said the highwayman, "before I take this lady's jewelry I'll ask you for your watch" His mouth was open in a wide grin as he stopped his horse before the shivering editor.

"Protect me! protect me!" cried Miss Nan tragically

There was no answer. Sheffield had reached out as quick as a ferret, caught the wrists of the unfortunate Peter Cross, and, with a grunt of effort, had pulled him sprawling from his mount.

"Here, whatever are you doing?" screamed the surprised ranchman, dropping the empty revolvers and scrambling to his feet He ducked a feint and received the other fist in the pit of his stomach. "Ugh!" he cried, curling up. He was angry now. "Don't you know no better than that! I was only foolin'!" Whereupon he flew at Sheffield with his arms beating the air in unguarded fury. The other caught him across the hip—a mean metropolitan street-fighting trick—and precipitated him head first against the ground

"Stop, stop, Mr. Sheffield!" screamed the girl. "It was entirely my fault. It was a silly practical joke"

"It was!" exclaimed the other, picking up his eyeglasses. "Why didn't you tell me?" He turned to the discomfited cowpuncher, who was trying to spit the sand out of his mouth, and helped him to his feet. "I'm sure I'm very sorry, my good friend," he apologized

"It serves me right, I reckon," answered the other, who providently thought that life would hold no peace for him if the story leaked out. "Just don't say nothin' of this yonder." He indicated the direction of the ranches with his thumb "I'll just hit the grit," he went on, mounting his horse; then he looked back over his shoulder at the editor. "Say, stranger, you fight some," he said, digging his spurs into the lean sides of his pony.

(Concluded on Page 81)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Amateur War Experts

THERE are not many men, and not many boys, on either side of the Atlantic who haven't definite and even aggressive opinions as to the merits of the leading Russian and Japanese commanders. To read the papers, to listen to the talk of the lounging-room and the street corner, is to gather in minute and searching criticisms of all these Far Eastern campaigns both on sea and land. One does not know and cannot find out the truth about the fight just down the street; but he knows whether Kuropatkin is a genius or a failure, and why Kuroki let the enemy slip through his hands

It is absurd, when you think of it. For no one, not even the authorities at St Petersburg and Tokyo, knows the facts upon which a competent judgment could be based These silly snap judgments would be harmless enough were it not that indulgence in snap judgments encourages in one's self and in others that passion for jumping at conclusions which prevents men from making any sort of success in life. At all times and in all situations the question that should steadily be in mind is: What are the facts?

If you know the facts they usually spare you the trouble and the danger of hazarding conclusions.

The Sneak-Thieves of Industry

AN EXTRAORDINARY situation has been developed by the inquiry of the United States Bureau of Chemistry into the effect of certain prevalent adulterations of food and drink Some time ago Doctor Wiley, chief of the bureau, announced that a very large proportion of the whiskies and wines used in even the best clubs and hotels are blended with highly injurious chemicals. Now comes the information—the result of long and careful observation of subjects living on a diet of chemically preserved food—that the use of boracic acid in preserving meat, and of formalin in milk, is even more disastrous.

One physician, speaking at a meeting in the New York Academy of Medicine, said that the increase in gastric disorders in America is due to the use of artificial preservatives Not pie, but chemical foods, is at the root of our national dyspepsia. Doctor Wiley finds that the blunting of the public conscience on this subject of adulteration "has done more to sap the moral life of the country than the rum trade ever thought of doing."

So far, so good. But with all this thundering in the index, not one name has been named that would enable the public to avoid poisoned food, or to bring the offender to public shame. One doctor told of a case in which he had found a highly dangerous chemical in bottled beer. "I wish I were at liberty to name the firm that bottled it," he remarked with every evidence of righteous indignation.

What is it that restrains these good scientists? Why has the nation a Bureau of Chemistry, if not for the benefit of public health, wealth and wisdom? The adulteration of food is the most insidious form of sneak thieving, and there are laws that provide for its punishment. Most of all, this theft of the public health is on a gigantic scale, and is practiced by many of the most respected members of the community. What the sneak-thief of small coin and pocket-handkerchiefs does to get food and a night's rest, the sneak-thieves of industry do to make themselves millionaires.

A possible explanation is afforded by a passage of argument in the meeting referred to. There are a few cases, it would seem, when the use of chemical preservatives is perhaps the lesser evil. "If I were going on an exploring expedition," said one physician, "I would rather have borax in my food than have it spoil." Another remarked: "I remember eating a pâté de foies gras from which I was laid up for two days with ptomaine poisoning. I wished at the time that it had been saturated with borax." Doctor Wiley was not to be daunted. "I don't believe it was pâté de foies gras," he retorted. "All we examined were made of veal."

Some months are needed, perhaps, to enlighten the public as to how far, and in what cases, chemical preservatives are justified. But if our Government is up to its duties another year will find every package of food so plainly labeled that the consumer can tell just what he is buying

Roosevelt's Opportunity

MR. ROOSEVELT is, probably, weary of hearing what a grand opportunity is now his. From where he sits he can no doubt see a thousand limitations upon that opportunity, for he has not been President since September, 1901, without learning how mocking is the fiction that "the President of the United States has more power than any monarch in Europe."

Still, there is a good deal of an opportunity — the same opportunity that every second-term President has had, and that so few have taken advantage of. The trouble is that before a man emerges into the apparent freedom of nothing to gain but a reputation in history he has been formed beyond reformation by the instruments he has been using to "get there." And if he shall perchance escape the perils of personal obligations, friendships and pulls, there are still the "necessities" of leaving the party in good shape and of providing the Presidential chair with a worthy successor to himself.

Mr. Roosevelt's opportunity to realize in a measure the ideals of his youth is enviable. But the reverse of enviable are the hostilities, hatreds and harassments which must inevitably be his if he tries to grip that opportunity squarely by the horns and tail.

Rascals and the Irony of Fate

HOW comes it that, while the people are levied upon unjustly year after year for enormous sums by a few persons who in one way and another have got the privilege of setting up toll-gates on the highways of industry, prosperity continues and the number of the comfortable increases and the discomfort of the uncomfortable grows less? The matter is very simple. Those who levy must reinvest their accumulations; and they, being as a rule men of superior business sagacity, make the reinvestments in profitable or promising industries. The amount that any man can absolutely waste is insignificant; in the end, however clumsy and even wicked the process, all accumulations, the dishonest no less than the honest, must go toward giving employment to hands and brains. By one of the splendid ironies of fate, the rascal, whether he wills or no, must work toward the good of his fellowmen, often does work toward that good effectively when he fancies himself doing nothing but evil.

It is not the material injury that is important in rascalities small or great: it is the moral injury. And the spectacle of injustice triumphant at once tempts and rots all who see it, and disheartens and finally paralyzes honest endeavor. The material injury which came, for instance, through the railroad development of this country under the methods of its pioneers, vast though it was, has long since been swallowed up in the flood of benefit; but the moral injury was a hideous wound that festers and eats and decays even into the present day—more sad and sickening now, perhaps, than a generation ago.

Not Nine Points of the Law

MR. MORGAN'S prompt return of the stolen cope was a stinging rebuke to pessimism, even to that pessimism so subtly implied in the astounded joy of the robbed Italians — for is it not moral pessimism to be amazed when a man, finding himself in possession of a piece of stolen property, forthwith restores it to its rightful owner? In this cope incident the optimist may justly hail with shining eyes the dawn of a new era of moral sensitiveness, the first premonition of an age in which a man would no more think of holding on to property which had been stolen than in this passing age he would think of letting go of it—unless the value brought it under the head of petty larceny.

Yes, we shall presently see the heirs of men who got rich by plunder eagerly turning the plunder into the public treasury, unless they can restore it to those to whom it belongs. We shall see men refusing to take dividends and interest earned by fraud and by exaction. We may even see lawyers refusing to take fees to defend injustice. To the cynicism that objects "One restored stolen cope doesn't make a millennium of honesty, one swallow doesn't make a summer" there is the silencing reply that all things, great and small, must have a beginning, and what more auspicious beginning could there be than this recognition from this source that the public as a body can have property rights, and that the justice of those rights is not limited by racial, or national, or hemispherical, or legal lines?

A Neglected Force

IT IS generally said that at college the most valuable part of the education is the associations—what the boys teach and learn from each other. Certain it is that this is the most lasting and important part of the course. Also, it is certain that it is the part to which least attention is paid.

There is one university in the United States to which a certain kind of parents, especially mothers, like to send their sons because it is frequented by so many young men of high social position—that phrase meaning position in the society which, whatever it may regard as essential to membership, does not regard brains, or scholarship, or character as essentials. But, as a rule, American parents think only in the vaguest way of associations in selecting the college for their children.

Association is the greatest force in the world; and at no time is it so potent as in youth. Yet there are parents who suffer their children to associate chiefly with servants and servant bred children; there are parents who send their children to be educated at institutions where the faculties are old mummies and where the student body is dominated by young fools with their heads full of nonsense and with the most pitiful petty purposes in life.

Vanity Masquerading

A YOUNG woman decided that she must do something toward the spiritual and worldly welfare of her fellowbeings. So she left home and joined an order of deaconesses; and she is now engaged in impressing her acquaintances, herself and a section of "the slums" with her heroic self-sacrifice and her lofty ideals.

She left behind her at home:

Item—An old father who has only such care and attention as servants can give him

Item—An old mother who sits lonely and bored.

Item—A houseful of servants who, through lack of guidance and direction, are learning to be dishonest, shiftless, incompetent, worthless

There are several other items; these are enough, are they not?

The young woman thinks she is a heroine and sort of martyr. In fact she is amusing herself, is gratifying a flabby vanity, and is deliberately shirking every one of the real duties of life. And this makes no account of the result of her slum activities as a maker of paupers and sycophants

Give the South a Chance

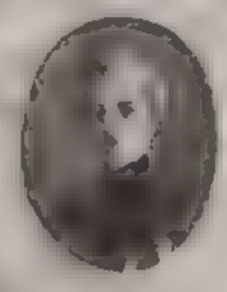
IN TAKING account of stock after the catastrophe on election day, some of the Southern Democratic papers suggested that the damage could not have been greater and might have been less if a Southern man had been the candidate.

This is an idea that is likely to spread during the next four years. It is just sixty years since the national Democratic party, whose chief strength is in the South, has nominated a Southern man for President. In the split of 1860, a bolting convention nominated Breckinridge, but the national organization has had no Southern candidate since Polk. In that time the opposition, Whig and Republican, has nominated Taylor and Scott, born in Virginia; Frémont, born in Georgia; and Lincoln, born in Kentucky. In addition, [illegible] born in North Carolina and elected Vice President on the Republican ticket, has succeeded to the Presidency.

After the Civil War the Democracy was naturally afraid to nominate a Southern candidate because for a long time all the available Southern men were ex-Confederates, and it would not have been politically safe to affront the loyal feeling of the North. But now men born four years after Appomattox are old enough to be eligible to the Presidency. Nobody young enough to be considered for the nomination in 1908 is old enough to have taken any part in the policies that brought on the war. There is a new generation in the South as well as in the North, and there is no reason to suppose that a man whose views and character met with approval would lose any votes in any section because he happened to live on the sunny side of Mason and Dixon's line.

It is an anomaly that the strongest and ablest element of a great party should be debarred by an outgrown prejudice from sharing its highest honors. It would be a benefit, not only to the Democratic party but to the nation, to have all sectional lines wiped out before the next campaign and the field thrown open to a fair national competition

Stageland and Its Citizens



Up and Down The Rialto After the Show

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

WHEN the sun goes down on Broadway, throughout the garish mile which stretches from Long Acre to Madison Square, the lights of twenty theatres blaze bravely with a sort of yellow joy. This season's has been a rich harvest, and the eager sickle of the box-office was not whetted in vain. The fat manager has waxed fatter, and the lean actor not so lean, as was the pinching case but one starved year ago.

One sign of this opulence may be noticed in Brown's, at which haunt of the hungry your chance of a table burns dim, and the sound of the grinding is high, at any one of the seven midnights that are as mile-stones to mark the week. Only in seasons prosperous does it thus overflow; for there be restaurants of humbler price. In an hour of stage famine it languishes.

On the walls hang pictures of actors who were the town's talk when our grandfathers flourished as first-nighters — MacCullough as Spartacus, Forrest as Virginius, Burton as Captain Cuttle, with quasi moderns like Booth, and Barrett, and Barney Williams, and Florence, and the elder Sothern, and Davenport and Jefferson and fourscore others. These worthies of a day that was were wont to visit Brown's wherefore, because of its traditions the actor of now, off duty and in quest of refreshment, makes this a place wherein to gather with his peers.

Brown's has one feature of a club, and women are not welcome. As a result the feeling is one sensibly subdued; there is more quiet and guests are better served. In restaurants sacred to men alone the waiters are ever more deftly intent upon their duty. Take Delmonico's, for instance; you will be better served in the grill-room where no woman comes, than in the front room, rustling in silks and brilliant with bright eyes. The reason? In the grill-room, unhampered of the weaker and more shockable sex, the inured male can freely express his views to the waiter — and does. In the front room, where, following the play, men bring their wives, their daughters or their sweethearts, the sufferer is modified of any vigorous setting forth of his wrongs; the waiters are made immune thereby from the wrath of their victims, and take advantage of it. However, this is aheld from our story; let us return to that loveless Eden of Brown.

It was the other evening that I met Mr. Reed there. He sat at a table in the Broadway end. Mr. Reed is so old that he once saw a man who saw a man who saw a man who saw Betterton open the New Theatre with Congreve's All for Love, and Barton Booth play Addison's Cato at Drury Lane in the days of good Queen Anne. Also, Mr. Reed, while no player, knows the stage and its stories, from the Astor Place riot over Macready, when the Seventh Regiment killed 134 rioters and wounded threefold more, down to those recent art-and-dollar differences which split that one-time firm of laughmongers, Weber and Field. The talk turned on young Sothern and Miss Marlowe, who are upholding Shakespeare at the Knickerbocker. Mr. Reed told a tale of the elder Sothern and what befell him in a play before he took up Dundreary.

"It was in one of those madly romantic plays," explained Mr. Reed, "where the lover hero springs from an ivied tower to the rescue of the heroine in the raging flood below. Of course the raging flood and the struggling heroine are out of sight, and left to the imagination. All the audience beholds is the high strung hero as he springs from the tower and disappears through a trap beneath the stage. A bucket of water thrown high in the air, following the plunge, shows what a splash the hero has made, and gives aid to the theory that he'll get the lady out of her wet predicament."

The Substitute Hero's Embellishment

SOTHERN was the romantic young hero. One day he suffered from a sprained ankle, and the management sent for a professional gymnast to make the tower jump for Sothern. The latter would speak his lines and rush off the stage; the gymnast, made up to be his double for looks, would rush out on the battlements and make the leap. The audience would never know that it was anybody but Sothern.

There was nothing the matter with the plan, and all would have gone well had it not been for the zealous stupidity of the gymnast. In the afternoon, as he looked over the lean and made the jump at rehearsal, his professional eye showed him an opportunity for improvement. What was the sense of making a tame and pointless leap which any schoolboy could make, when a chance for meritorious leaping lay wide open?

That night, without announcing his purpose, the gymnast placed a small spring-board on the platform from which the romantic lover leaped, and as Sothern rushed off, the self-sufficient athlete, that being his cue, capered out on his tower, smote the spring-board smartly with his idiotic heels, rose grandly in the air almost as high as the canvas clouds, turned three somersaults, and came down after the supposititious heroine struggling in the brine below.

"The audience went wild. The people stamped, roared and called Sothern before the curtain half a dozen times. The great actor, not being where he could see the leap, was at a loss to locate the cause of the enthusiasm. Later he learned, and was for slaying the gymnast.

The evil was done, however; the next night the audience almost tore the house down in its demand that Sothern, who was doing the jump himself, repeat the exhilarating flip-flaps that enchanted the onlookers the night before. Sothern had to make a speech and tell the story to calm the excitement."

Mr. Arthur Lewis, brother and former manager of Julia Arthur, moved by Mr. Reed's memories, related the disaster which overtook Mr. Nat Goodwin a few seasons ago as the upcome of thus rashly drafting an amateur into the delicate, not to say dangerous, trade of show-giving.

"It was," said Mr. Lewis, "in the Duquesne Hotel, down town of Pittsburg. They had opened a new door on Goodwin, and he was at a loss for some one he could trust to go on said portal and collect tickets in his name. Goodwin, in a pinch, is fertile, and not to be trod. The celebrated wing-shot Edgar Gibbs Murphy, was in town. Goodwin had just left the worthy E. G. M. at the Anderson Hotel. He rushed back there and seized the pigeon killer by the lapel.

"'Give me your ears for a moment,' pleaded Goodwin, 'and harken unto me. They've sprung a new door on me: I've no one to go on it and take tickets. This means money, old man. Won't you come over and collect pasteboards for me? It'll save me from a throw-down for hundreds. Nat only knows you here; come on, do me this favor.'

"'Certainly,' said Mr. Murphy reassuringly. 'And, Nat, I'm up to every trick. I'm a fairly soon man, Nat, you don't know it now, but you will know it. I learned to play the guitar in two lessons.'

"Goodwin tells the rest. It's just made up, said Goodwin, 'and was talking to the stage-manager, when loud and angry voices and some very strong talk began to manifest themselves in the body of the theatre. The row grew; it sounded like the first symptoms of a riot. I peeked through the curtain. At least forty angry gentlemen were scattered about among the seats, in a state of heat and high confusion. Such epigrams as these were flying:

"'That's my seat!'

"'You're a liar; that's my seat!'

"'I'll be hanged if it's either of yours; it's my seat!'

"It was frightful,' continued Goodwin, 'the situation bordered on blood. Something must be done. I couldn't even guess at the origin of the tumult, but rushing forth, make-up and all, I soon learned the truth. What do you think? The unqualified Murphy, with that sagacity for which he has note, had given the audience the general admission end of the tickets and stuffed the seat numbers in his pocket. When we got out to the door where he was thus founding murder and mistake, he was just passing in two women.

"'Pass right in, ladies,' he was saying gallantly. 'Your presence is an honor; pass right in.'

"'Of course we tore the volatile Mr. Murphy up by the roots and gave him a lay-off. It took half an hour to straighten out the house, and the curtain was twenty minutes late in ringing up. However, we got out alive and without casualty, but "Never more," I said to Murphy, never more be officer of mine.'

In stageland, among actor folk, tragedy is given a higher place than comedy, it is held nobler to provoke tears than merriment. Sothern groaned over Dundreary, Florence bewailed his part of Bardwell Slote in The Mighty Dollar, and

both hungered and thirsted after Lear and Richard and a long line of sombre characters, blood-dabbled or gloomy, none of which the public would permit them to play The same was true of Raymond with his Gilded Age, and even now the laughter-making Eddy Foy sighs to give us Hamlet

Nat Goodwin, who began as a burlesquer and then clambered into successful comedy, is himself eaten of a weakness for the classic drama, and once experimented with Shylock for a loss. Mr. Goodwin's Shylock was not a failure, but the public preferred him in something else and showed it by staying away Also the critics did not say of him, as said Pope of Macklin

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew

They didn't think it was, in truth, and so Goodwin went back to reluctant comedy and standing-room only

For all that, his defeat in Shylock has been ever a tender point, and one day, at the Players' Club, his friend Collier touched the sore spot rudely. Collier is a comedian of almost equal standing with Goodwin; he, too, yearns to play Cassius or an Othello. He told several, among the rest Goodwin, that he had it in ambitious mind to attempt Shakespeare

"What character?" asked Goodwin, with the eye of a pessimist who foresees the worst

"Shylock," returned Collier smartly

"Shylock!" exclaimed Goodwin, surprised into a bantering tone. "You'd do well in Shylock!"—this last came peevishly

"Why, then," retorted Collier coolly, "I'll bet a supper I'd get as many laughs as you got."

The Retort Courteous

AS EXHIBITING how wit as well as sarcasm repeats itself given similar provocation, one might go rearward 160 years and discover the father of Collier's retort to Goodwin Colley Cibber was very old, and Foote, the British Aristophanes, very young. Cibber didn't like Foote, and the latter returned the sentiment. They met at Peg Woffington's rooms in Russell Street, to drink tea.

"What would you give now," said Foote, teasing the venerable Cibber, "to be as young as I am?"

"Egad!" cried the old laureate, "I'd almost consent to be as great a fool."

Foote smarted; the more since Doctor Johnson, Garrick, old Mrs. Bracegirdle and the lovely Peg saw fit to laugh in loud appreciation of the oldster's thrust. When matters had quieted a bit Foote came back craftily to the attack.

"Do you know," said he to Cibber, with manner aping humility as though sorry for his impertness, and subdued by the old one's return, "do you know I would give anything if I might see your comedy of Cinna played.

"Cinna a comedy! Man," exclaimed Cibber, in a mixed mood of wrathful amazement, "Cinna's a tragedy."

"Indeed!" observed the wicked Foote, arching his brows "True, I never read it nor saw it; but I supposed it to be a comedy, because Mr. Pope, who was present at its first production years ago, said that he never laughed so much in all his life."

Two women, May Irwin and Marie Dressler, the one at the Bijou and the other at the Weber Ziegfeld Music Hall have been carrying off this season's fun-making honors It hath a strange and savage sound, yet it is no less true that any keen sense of humor is not commonly a woman's gift The pair quoted are vigorous exceptions to this rule. Miss Irwin, had she lived in that lady's day, would have been a bubbling, roguish, brogueish rival of Kitty Clive who snubbed Garrick and made a chum of Horace Walpole; while Miss Dressler might easily pass for a full blown sister of Billy Rice, of minstrel memory.

Miss Irwin is a round personage of middle years and more than middle weight; to look at her would not make one think on willows or slimly bending pines. She is, withal, of a frugal genius, and economical to a degree that would evoke plaudits from Hetty Green or Russell Sage. She told me this herself

It was when she came from her dressing room ready to go on for the second act; I chanced to be on the stage. Miss Irwin was gorgeous in a red dress—arterial red She swung around, with the remark

"Do you see this dress? Cost $180—and I hate parting with money. The first night I had it on Jim Ford spoiled it."

Thereat I expressed surprise and sympathy.

"It was like this," she observed. "I donned the dress, red being my weakness; I thought I'd never looked so well. Of course, I'm fat; but still I felt that for once I was beautiful. Jim Ford was back of the scenes; I confided to him that I expected to make the hit of my life. I pirouetted, even if I am the size of a load of hay.

"'Don't I look like a peach?' I asked

"'No,' said Ford; 'you don't—you look like a tomato.'

"That's what he said—a tomato; and it simply ruined the dress. I've hated it ever since; but of course it cost $180—which sum doesn't grow on every bush—and I'll wear it out if it kills me."

Mr. George Broadhurst came into Brown's while I was there. I made Mr. Broadhurst's acquaintance one wintry evening on Broadway. That was two years ago. He was stage-managing an impromptu song-and-dance sketch called The Brutal Brothers, which Mr. George Marion and the late Mr. Dan Daly were rendering on the sidewalk. It being one o'clock of the morn, and the sidewalk out of request for any immediate municipal purpose, the good-natured police saw no reason to oppose the entertainment, but fostered it. A captive street organist furnished the music, and I never attended a better double song and dance

Mr. Broadhurst is a slim, elegant gentleman; he writes plays, good plays, and can sustain a part in one of them himself if driven to desperation. Whenever he does the audience so far sympathizes as to be driven also to desperation. Mr. Broadhurst has a fine wit, albeit somewhat salty, not to say cynical

Mr. Broadhurst's wit, being barbed, has been known to abbreviate his visiting list Once he called a restraint frown to the brow of his brother playwright, Mr Augustus Thomas

"Will you collaborate with Thomas in writing such-and-such a play?" wired Manager Frank McKee to Mr Broadhurst, then in San Francisco.

"Thomas who?" came the wired inquiry from the ingenuous Mr. Broadhurst

There was no collaboration.

That excellent actor, Mr. Hackett, who has just successfully tried a new "King" drama on the Hartford dog, peeked briefly into Brown's. Mr. Hackett is not aware of it, but Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, who writes Dooley, is richly and unusually buttressed against the cold these chill December days because of him. Mr. Hackett unintentionally appeared before Mr. Dunne clothed, as a climax to a costume otherwise perfect, in an elaborate astrakan overcoat, and the sight of that coat set the tooth of envy to the soul of Mr. Dunne. Thus it was that when Mr. Dunlap, who edits a magazine, and was a fatuous believer in Mr. Parker's chances of a White House, offered a wager thereon with Mr. Dunne, the latter bethought him of an astrakan top-coat. Mr. Dunne said that he would hazard an astrakan on the issue, Roosevelt versus Parker; the blinded Mr. Dunlap accepted

Mr. Dunne, who is an honest man even though his emanation was Chicago, hesitated; it was so much like taking candy from a child. He explained to Mr. Dunlap that the odds could not rightfully be called coat against coat; rather they should be stated as a coat on Mr. Roosevelt to a pair of earmuffs on Mr. Parker. Mr. Dunlap scornfully waived these considerations; he would wager astrakan coat for coat with Mr. Dunne. As the upcome of this fortunate speculation Mr. Dunne resembles a Russian Grand Duke, a resemblance which in its last analysis he owes to Mr. Hackett.

The Trouble with George Ade

SPEAKING of Mr. Dunne recalls Mr. George Ade, whose College Widow at the Garden Theatre is collecting her dower interest in the playgoing public at the rate of $15,000 a week. Mr. Ade is tall and shy and getting rich; he invests his riches in Indiana farms as fast as they come flowing in, which strikes one as a narrow view to take of money and its uses. However, Mr. Ade's weakness for agriculture is nothing to us; let us turn instead to an adventure which overtook him a decade or more ago, when he attended the Midwinter Fair in California.

Mr. Ade was younger then. He traveled to the Pacific Coast in a special car, made more special, not to say particular, by the presence of Mr. Charles Seymour, Mr. Irving Lewis, Mr Brand Whitlock, Mr. Elmer Bates and others, the flower of Chicago literature. There was champagne; and for the one time in his abstemious life Mr. Ade unbuckled to consumption of that wine No, he was in no wise overcome far from it. Still, when he arrived at San Francisco he felt feverish and strange.

"In my ignorance," said Mr. Ade, when he gave me this experience, "I didn't know but what I should be ill—see blue-winged goats and all that. The thought alarmed me, the alarm became almost a panic when the spectacle of two Gila monsters in a drug store window, which I passed on my way from the car to the Palace Hotel, went through me like a knife. I never got such a start; when I reached the hotel a cold dew bespangled my brow, just such as one reads of in books.

"It struck me as the part of wisdom to consult the hotel physician; my sickness might be greater than I thought Before I could make up my mind to a doctor, however, and as I stood meditating in front of the hotel, my eye was caught by the sight of a crowd at the Chronicle building, a few blocks down the street. A bystander told me that the cause of the gathering was bulletins from the Corbett-Mitchell fight then raging in Florida, which the Chronicle was generously posting in its windows.

"This exciting news swallowed up all thought of sickness; I forgot the doctor and romped off to the Chronicle office I'm a profound lover of sport, and eagerly took position on the fringe of the crowd."

When the Buildings Turned Around

"WHILE gazing at the bulletins, and just as one which announced a terrific left hook by Professor Corbett was being posted up, the entire Chronicle building darted sidewise up the street. The scenery on both sides of the causeway appeared to be playing tag. For myself, I almost fell on my face; the very ground went dancing under me.

"When I recovered the perpendicular my eyes were filled with tears. Feeling rather than seeing my way, I fled for the Palace Hotel like a frightened fawn

My dreadful misgivings touching that unwonted champagne returned, and I went to my room. Once there I cast myself groaning on a lounge, and summoned a physician.

The scientist went all over me as carefully as though I were a horse and he was going to buy me. In the end he looked baffled; he said there was nothing the matter.

'A little feverish, but nothing to count,' said he. Then he asked what had particularly stampeded me.

"I related the upheaval of all things earthly that had taken place in front of the Chronicle office, and how the buildings chased each other up the street

"'Why!' he exclaimed in disgusted amazement, 'you were standing on a turn-table!'

"That was all," concluded Mr. Ade; "they had merely run in a big street car behind me, and were turning me around. I was suffering, not from an overdose of champagne, but turn-tables, and I gratefully paid the physician for his diagnosis. One thing: it taught me to call a doctor whenever anything goes wrong."

The late Mrs. Gilbert, who only this season, with years reaching beyond fourscore, appeared as a star, was, indeed, a genius. And yet it took her years to find this out. Old John Ellsler once told me how the discovery was forced upon Mrs. Gilbert.

In the sixties, and for twenty years before, Mr. Ellsler owned and managed the Academy of Music in Cleveland. Mr. Ellsler had been telling of those days, and how it was the favorite jest of Artemus Ward, a chum of Ellsler, and then writing on the Plain Dealer, to array himself in clanking armor from the wardrobe of the theatre and enliven the midnight hour by roaming Bank and Superior Streets. Mr Ellsler said that the spectacle of a mediæval knight scuffling about a modern street at midnight was very effective. At last he got to Mrs. Gilbert

'She was a clog and jig dancer,' said Mr. Ellsler, "and had never spoken a line in any play. I signed her for my stock company; she used to do her dances between the acts, as was the custom then.

"One evening, as I stood watching the stage, it struck me that Mrs. Gilbert, who was doing a clog, had begun to show her years. Only the young in looks can dance; the public does not take kindly to an elderly woman skipping about and cracking her heels together. Plainly, Mrs. Gilbert must turn to new fields.

"It was at rehearsal the next day when I brought up the subject. I asked Mrs Gilbert what she had in mind to do when she gave up her dancing. She began to cry; the blow, so long feared, had fallen. She knew of nothing she could do.

"'You should try to act,' I said.

"The suggestion was a desperate one. The only thing I knew was the theatre, and, while I hadn't the least notion that Mrs. Gilbert could act, it was the one suggestion I was able to make

"Mrs. Gilbert was as despondent as I; but it was the only solution. In the next play I gave her a small part. She turned out to be the greatest 'old woman' that ever walked across the stage

Fifty Years of Prima-Donnas

Marchesi's Memories of Opera's Greatest Stars

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

MME. MATHILDE MARCHESI, the teacher of Melba Eames, Nevada, Sybil Sanderson, and a galaxy of vocal grand duchesses, celebrated the other day her fiftieth anniversary as a teacher. She has published thirty-eight musical works, has been decorated by the Emperor of Austria, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the King of Italy, and the German Emperor. From the French Republic she has received the academic palms and the brevet of Officer of Public Instruction

At seventy-five she is as busy as ever. When I said to her the other day that a time would come when she could rest, she retorted: "Please don't talk about another world; I haven't finished with this one yet." She is a slight little figure, full of energy and wit. "My cousin, the Baroness Ertmann, the friend of Beethoven, used to say to me: 'Mathilde, an old woman should always be tastefully dressed, without moods, and make herself agreeable.'" The "tastefully dressed and agreeable" part of the advice were fully in evidence that morning, but the "moods" was forgotten. "I don't feel like talking English to-day," she said, suddenly dropping that language. "We will talk German." And German it was

She sat in a big, gilt chair, the walls facing her hung with photographs of her noted pupils, many of them inscribed with tearfully effusive autographs, acknowledging what their originals owed to the great teacher - though some of the writers forgot both fact and inscription before the end of their very first season

Gentle vocalists, who have made impresarios nervous, and kept the great public waiting their pleasure, have been as lambs within sound of Madame Marchesi's voice Yet her only weapons are a keen intelligence and absolute frankness. Her manner is that of a great lady of the early part of her century, but she has the matter-of-fact judgment of to-day

"Don't you find that a singer with a moderate voice, but intelligence, gets farther than one who is more gifted, but lacks brains?" I asked

"I have never found that singers had any brains," was her laconic rejoinder

"I don't know why it is," she went on, while I was still catching my breath at her talent for truthfulness; "I don't know why it is, but no matter how docile a young girl may be while she is studying her scales, with her very first rôle she begins to feel her importance, and by the time she has learned her first operatic rôle the caprices of a prima donna come along with it.

The Short-Lived Honors of the Public

BUT Madame Marchesi tempers insight with a good sense of justice. "You tell me that she is changed," she said, when a noted singer was mentioned. "Do you wonder at it, after the honors she has had? There is only one thing to keep the balance in cases like that, and that is intelligence I have had wreaths piled about me as high as my head and I have had many honors, but they never made me feel any differently. Why? Because it will all so soon be over. I cannot even feel that the things about me are mine, for in a little while they will pass into the hands of others

"You find it splendid that I have taught for fifty years? I find it terrible!" But the smile that followed the words lightened recollection of the toil they brought with them

"It was the same with me in the beginning, my passion for teaching. As a child I had no sooner learned a thing myself than I wanted some one else to know it, even in the days when I rode home from school on the tail of a cart in Frankfort. There was an old actor with a glass eye whom I met there every morning. The glass eye was fascinating in itself, but to make it more so he had lost the original one in a duel over a princess, a real princess, whom he married You may fancy the romance that the glass eye and the princess inspired. He always greeted me—every one knew me in Frankfort. Once he patted me on the head. 'You will be something one day,' he said. Perhaps that had something to do with the determination that came later—who knows?

"My fifty years of teaching began in Vienna, after concerts in England and in Germany, where I sang with my husband, the Marquis de Castrone, at the Prussian Court during a visit of the Empress of Russia. The composer Meyerbeer was at that time director of the court concerts. His mother told us of the visit of the composer of The Huguenots to Vienna to give concerts, and how he was so intimidated by the presence of Clementi and Beethoven, great masters of the instrument, that he bandaged his hand under pretext of injuring it, and left without playing a note

MADAME MARCHESI AND MADAME MELBA

Every one is not so modest. Once a father wrote to me 'My daughter has already learned so much from you, is it possible that she can learn more?' I answered him: 'Sir You are an ox and your daughter is a cow.' After that her studies went along sensibly.

"It was in Vienna that poor Ilma di Murska, whom you knew so well in America, came to me. Of the immense sums she earned she spent every penny, and died in poverty at Munich

"Emma Nevada, the American singer, came to me there under sad conditions. Her father had died at sea on the way. Dressed in black, a pathetic little figure, she could scarcely speak for her tears the morning she came, and, throwing herself into my arms, begged me to be a mother to her

"Etelka Gerster, too, had her first lessons in Vienna. Once, on my birthday, when my room was a garden of flowers that my pupils had brought, Madame Adelina Patti came. Etelka was singing as she entered, and Madame Patti asked her to keep on, complimenting her enthusiastically when she had finished. Little did any of us know that morning that Gerster would, later, successfully rival Patti in America."

Other noted singers that studied with Madame Marchesi in Vienna were Gabrielle Krauss, whom the Parisians called the Rachel of song; Madame Klafsky, the great dramatic soprano, and Madame Antoinette Sterling, the American contralto who sang in Beecher's choir, and whose death came last winter in London. And these are but a few of the singers who passed to the stage by the way of her Vienna classroom, many of them known here only by name, but celebrities in Italy, Russia and Germany. For Madame Marchesi has shaped the destinies of more great singers than any living teacher

Eames, Calvé and Melba came to her slim slips of immaturity, to be made into world celebrities. Sybil Sanderson and Suzanne Adams passed on from her keen judgment to their place behind the footlights. She has been the one to comfort their terror-stricken fears in the ordeals of first appearances before critical managers and an exacting public

All this has not been accomplished without troubles and jealousies, strong enough at times to be overwhelming had Madame Marchesi been of the kind that can be overwhelmed. The end of her stay in Vienna was stormy, her beginning in Paris discouraging. Baron Haussmann, whose plans so beautified the French capital, was her cousin, and she had strong local influence there; but the move to France meant a beginning all over again. Auber, the composer, offered her a post at the Paris Conservatory when she very much needed it. Finding that some of the principles of her method would have to be sacrificed, she refused it, and went on alone in the way that she felt to be the right one

Emma Calvé came to Madame Marchesi one day, a timid, pretty, dark eyed girl, bringing a letter of introduction from M Gevaert, director of the Conservatory at Brussels. She was in despair. Through wrong training her voice had almost left her. She had already sung two seasons at the Brussels Opera. Perhaps she would never sing again. Madame Marchesi took her in hand. Three years later she made her debut at the Italian Opera in Paris, and started on her real career

But to the prima-donna, like the rest, success is not always presented ready-made. Madame Calvé had already been before the public for three years after this second beginning when she wrote the following letter to Madame Marchesi. The singer was then making her first real success in Italy. In its frankness it throws a sidelight on her career and on the way she toiled for it

My dear, good Madame: Your grateful pupil has met with a genuine success, although her voice has been found to be scarcely powerful enough for the vast Scala Theatre. The newspapers agree in saying that I have a beautiful voice, and above all, a perfect method. This is thanks to you, my good teacher, who have made me what I am, for which I thank you with my whole heart, and embrace you

I must tell you, between ourselves, that I am making great progress, not only as a singer, but also as an actress, for I have worked hard at my part. If I had sung in Paris as I sang here on my first appearance at La Scala I should have scored a triumph

You see, my dear professor, that I ought to be quite satisfied with the result of my first appearance in Italy; and as it is owing to you that I came here, I beg of you to believe in my everlasting gratitude Please to accept, dear Madame, the assurance of my most affectionate and grateful sentiments

Your pupil, who loves you very much

EMMA CALVÉ

Milan, January 11, 1887

Before this, Madame Calvé's acting had been timid and restrained. Hard work and Italian influences had so improved her in this that Paris recognized her as a new star when she returned. But that was not until she had been five years in all before the public, lost her voice, and found it again

One of Time's Revenges

IN VIEW of this, and the long periods of her study in preparation for her career, a quotation from an article by Madame Calvé in the recent issue of a magazine is of unique interest. "For my part," she says, "I spent only two years at preparatory study, but I am forced to confess that my case is an exceptional one, I having been gifted with a rarely flexible voice which lent itself readily to all I required of it." Thus does time happily soften even our most discouraging recollections

"Gounod, who was always in search of a Juliette," Madame Marchesi pursued, "met my husband one morning and asked: 'Has your wife one among her pupils? If she has, please ask her to bring her to me to-morrow' That was the beginning of another career, for the next day I took Miss Eames and my accompanist, M. Mougin, to Gounod's house

"She sang so well that in a few minutes he cried: 'I have discovered my Juliette!' A few days later he began the rehearsals with her, singing and acting the part of Romeo from beginning to end himself The work was difficult, but Miss Eames at last succeeded the great diva Patti, who had essayed to interpret the rôle, and that night the American colony was proud of her.

"Melba—Nellie Armstrong she was when she came to me—was always studious and conscientious. Every September she comes back to me now to study her new rôles."

There is a photograph at Madame Marchesi's of this famous singer as she was when she first went to the great teacher It shows the future prima-donna in a tight, provincially-cut silk bodice, in amusing contrast to Madame Melba's grand dame style of to-day: a girlish, expressionless face, crowned with a row of tight, flat ringlets, known to the unregenerate as "spit-curls." The story of her unfolding has been told before, but is always worth repeating

"That morning," said Madame Marchesi, "I rushed from the room without a word of comment after she had sung, to call to my husband: 'I have found my star! I have found my star!'

"After that she lived in the house with us and worked very hard. When she made her debut in Brussels we went over to hear her. The next morning she was famous A single appearance in Verdi's Rigoletto had done it, and her glorious career was begun."

THE HARD LIFE

And Why the City Hobo Finds it Easy

By OWEN KILDARE

A GREAT deal of pity, sympathy and thought is expended on the men who inhabit the cheap lodging houses of New York. Yet it seems as if no practical remedy for the alleviation of the lodging-house evil can be found, and this in spite of the fact that the symptoms are neither mysterious nor secretive. In fact, the external evidences are so apparent that the melancholy existence of the lodging-house has long been dubbed the "hard life." To prove this "hard life" an easy one, or to deny the justification of the appellation, is not my intention. Personal experience, as well as observation at closest range, [illegible] me that the "hard life" is a very hard life indeed. But I may attempt to shift the burden of responsibility.

The very first aspect of the "hard life" will show a parallel between the dweller of the lodging-house and the to-be-converted pagan. Missionaries have told us that, on their arrival in the midst of savage people, they were struck with the resignation and positive contentment with which these heathens were pursuing the tenor of their ways. It is the same with the participant in the "hard life." Point out to him the dreadful barrenness and waste of his existence, and a shrug of his shoulders will be the only expression of his philosophy of indifference. With his entrance into the "hard life" a mental transformation comes to the "has-been," enabling him to bear his new lot with a most remarkable and nonchalant fortitude. His basis, his viewpoint, changes—and, perhaps, it is best that this is so.

As in all social questions, the significance of environment has to be considered.

Contrary to popular belief, willingly fostered by writers of "slum fiction," lodging-houses, as a rule, are not the cesspools of material filth generally described. The owners—including the Salvation Army and the proprietor of the Mills houses—look for a fair interest on their investments, and have no intention of conducting their houses at a loss. This being so, they, as their neighbors, are subjected to competition and business rivalry. Therefore they cannot afford to have dirty houses, but must keep them clean and offer many conveniences.

Much Comfort for Little Money

The figures of the lodging industry can easily be corroborated. A very conservative estimate places the number of men who live in the lodging-houses of the Bowery and Park Row—the continuation of the former—at 30,000. A low average of the price paid for a night's lodging is fifteen cents. Even figuring on this low basis, we will find that the money taken in by the proprietors reaches a yearly total of almost $3,000,000.

A commentary which speaks for itself is the fact that many men who can well afford to live in a comfortably furnished room in some private dwelling only do so periodically, preferring the comfort, conveniences and company of the cheap hostelry. The last named attraction—the company of the Bowery lodging-house—is answerable for a major share in the making of the "hard life."

Excepting the households of a few shopkeepers, there is no family life on the Bowery. Men—and especially the men who people the lodging-houses—are not born on the Bowery, but go there, and ninety-nine per cent go of necessity and not of their own volition. It is the only convenient hiding-place for him whose past has become irksome. And the mere fact that a man seeks refuge on the Bowery from misfortune or consequences of fault is the best demonstration of his temporary or permanent weakness of character. Weak men are easily influenced, and the influence of the Bowery is an insidious, creeping and, withal, a potent thing.

There are many ready to bid for the pennies of the "has-beens," and, through such bidders, the "hard life" is made easy. The fifteen cents passed to the clerk over the counter of the lodging-house buys a wealth of conveniences, which cannot be exceeded by the best hotel in the city. Hot and cold baths, including two towels, can be had at any time. Comb and brush as well as whisk broom, clothes and shoe brushes, not forgetting shoe blacking, can be found on every floor. The reading rooms are plentifully supplied with daily papers, magazines and even small libraries. Cards and games can be had at the desk, where, also, one may get patches for torn clothes, needles, pins and thread. In some lodging houses even a razor is kept in the office for the use of guests. And the clerk, that foster-mother of the forsaken, is always prepared to meet any and every emergency, so that a guest who, for instance, has lost his hat or some other part of his wearing apparel is quickly fitted out from the house's ample stock of clothing, accumulated in divers ways.

These are by no means all the inducements offered by the managers of the houses. A few, for the regular price of a night's lodging, give a cup of coffee and rolls in the morning, up to a certain hour. Others have free tobacco, or give checks for drinks at designated saloons.

The cost of eating is correspondingly low. The "Jim Fisk" and "Boss Tweed" dining-rooms are no more, but in their stead an army of "Beefsteak Johns" and "Cheap Joes" has come. Among these eating places, as among the lodging houses, competition is made lively by the great number of competitors, and the meals and appointments are of surprisingly good quality. The average cost of a meal in these places is a dime, and a vast choice of viands is offered to the customer. A portion of any kind of roast meat, two different vegetables, plenty of bread and butter, and a large bowl of coffee, with two crullers and a glass of ice-water, constitute the feast.

For those of more limited means a number of basement restaurants are available. Several of these are conducted by semi-charitable institutions, but even when carried on as private enterprises they seem to thrive. The convincing advertisement displayed by them reads: "A Square Meal for a Nickel." Nor is this advertisement at all misleading. The bill of fare is limited and has not the variety of the "ten-cent feed," but there is enough scope for the most fastidious taste. Pork, or corned-beef, and beans; hard boiled eggs; stew; hash; fish chowder; corned-beef and cabbage, all accompanied by a bowl of coffee and two thick slices of bread, afford an ample change of diet.

The question of clothes is as easy. At the corner of Elizabeth and Bayard Streets is the market for cast-off clothing. Along in the afternoon the "old clothes" men come here with their wares, collected in that vague region called "uptown," and dispose of them to their best advantage. But the merchants of second hand clothes, who are the chief buyers, are exacting and hard to please, and quite often the "old clothes" man finds himself left with a pair of trousers or a coat. Then, in this exigency, he turns to the "has-beens," who have greedily watched proceedings from the curb, and sells to one of them the piece of wearing apparel at a "sacrifice." In this way the "has-been" succeeds in purchasing a much-needed part of clothing for about ten or fifteen cents. Shirts can be bought for five cents; shoes may be quoted at from ten to twenty five cents; collars and cuffs—and a certain class of the "has-[illegible] is very fond of these ornamental luxuries—sell for a cent apiece.

Not to be behind other generous providers to the "has-beens," the dispensers of liquid refreshments are amply liberal. The Bowery and its immediate vicinity is infested with a number of drinking saloons, which owe the license of their existence to a vapid and backboneless state of the temperance question in the slums, and which offer a glass the size whereof is the best argument against the quality of the stuff within it.

THE PRICE PAID FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING IS FIFTEEN CENTS

One of my acquaintances among the "has-beens" has led the "hard life" for over seven years on an income never exceeding fifty cents a day. This man pays fifteen cents for his lodging, ten cents for his food, and, after deducting other incidentals, has about fifteen cents, the equivalent of three drinks, left for drinking money.

The social fabric of our great cities is so flexible that parvenu and proletarian are not only tolerated but are often found useful. On the Bowery we have thousands of men who have not done a whole day's work in a decade, but who work daily. There are a hundred and one occupations, some of them only to be found in a great city, which can give employment of a few hours. Some of the men help janitors in the morning; some attend to furnaces; some distribute handbills or carry advertising signs, while others travel daily many miles in search of coal "to put in."

The great majority of the "has-beens"—especially the men of the collars and cuffs—will not "stoop" to manual labor, but prefer to depend on the "chances" of the great city. This does not imply that they steal or beg for a living. However, every one of this latter class would steal if it were not for the required nerve and courage; and as to begging, years of the "hard life" do ultimately graduate them into professional mendicancy. But in the transitory stage they merely help luck to come their way.

Fishing for Luck

Wall Street, Broadway and the shopping district are favorite localities for "making findings." There, sidewalks and gutters are carefully watched for lost articles. The "find" of one day is likely to keep the finder above want for several weeks. Then it is not unprofitable to hang about saloons frequented by the sporting fraternity. A man who has unexpectedly won a considerable amount of money without having to work for it is very apt to throw some of his change to the birds—or vultures. Again, at points of interest to strangers "has-beens" can always be found. They are exceedingly easy of approach, brimful with reliable and interesting information, and are not above accepting a small fee for their really valuable services. During the theatrical season, too, these men find pleasure and profit in "assisting" in great productions requiring many "supers." Some, but a trifle distant from the final dénouement, employ a form of mute pleading in front of eating houses or anywhere where cheer is the prevailing tone. They flaunt their misery, assume a pathetically sad look, and are ready, at the slightest provocation, to unroll their tale of woe—for a consideration. In short, the "has-been" will do anything but work regularly and steadily for a full weekly or daily wage. He cannot be induced to give up his life of the under-world Bohemia for an existence of real usefulness and responsibility.

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A man's presence in a Bowery lodging-house is testimony of his irresponsibility, and he who can be controlled or restrained by a just responsibility is a subject of ridicule to the "has-been," who has learned how easy life can be made—when one wants to live it for one's self alone

The "hard life"—in physical activity—is the life of to-day. The day of the moment is lived and accepted by itself, without any connecting relation to yesterday or to-morrow. In mental activity it is the life of yesterday, letting the future take care of itself and depending on the echoes of the past for its sole relaxation. And that—this abject, weak submission to a self-incurred fate—is the real hardness of the life

To claim that the Bowery makes "has-beens" is an assertion needing qualification. It is possible that, were lodging-houses unknown on the Bowery, the present standing army of 50,000 would not be there—but elsewhere, and together. The spirit of gregariousness is rampant among the "has-beens," and they will gather and rally together no matter where the tents may be pitched Also, wherever they settle, lodging-houses, cheap restaurants and low gin-mills—"dead houses"—will spring up like mushrooms Of course, the blame for furnishing beds on sitting-rooms for the use of the "has-beens" lies with the lodging-house keeper But would you want the men to be shelterless as well as homeless?

Voluntary and involuntary outcasts will be a part of the city's population as long as present social conditions are in force. What, then, is offered them by us, the city and citizens? Only a municipal lodging-house, with accommodations for barely 200, to take care of the scum of over 3,000,000 people! Beds, bunks, cots—call them what you may—can be had on the Bowery for as little as five cents a night, and because there are men who have lost the faculty of earning, begging or borrowing even that sum, a nocturnal procession of over 10,000 parades in our streets—winter and summer—from midnight until dawn.

You are inclined to disbelieve my figures? Very well, come with me, and I will show you 1000 men clamoring, night after night, for entrance to the Bowery mission, where at one A. M. an early breakfast is served to this 1000 from December until the summer months. From there we will go to the "bread-line" on Broadway, where several hundreds of these spectres are waiting patiently for their loaf of bread given to them by Fleischman's bakery. Schuman's bakery, with several hundred in line, comes next. Then, in the same radius of ten blocks, we will go to the docks and lumber yards and find hundreds, huddled like bundles of refuse, drowsing in out-of-the-way places. To accumulate additional proof, we will ask the workers in the small bakeshops how many have whined their dirge of misery down those basement stairs that night. Homeward bound, we will make our way across one or two of the smaller parks and find—like poisonous weeds—these creatures clinging to every bench. Arrived at home, we will feel depressed, but at breakfast we will be too busy with our own affairs to give much thought to the "has-beens" of old yesterday.

The Causes of Misfortune

We cannot turn this question aside, or class it under the convenient heading of "results of drink." I have met in the "hard life" men who did not know the taste of drink, but who, by moral shock or in some other way, had their mental balance upset and had shot the chutes of fate down to the very dregs without offering the least resistance. Stunned by their slide, they remained at the bottom long enough to become infected with the awful pest of deadly lassitude, which kept them to the ground, helpless, creeping bacilli in the slime of moral neglect

Little enough is done for the "has-beens," but even that would bring occasional results were there a mutual desire for rehabilitation If the man whom we would help would work with us in redeeming him the task would be possible; but the percentage of those who will do this is not worth mentioning. Let that germ of the easy "hard life" of the clubdom of the slums get into the being of a man who has landed on the highway of the foolish and wicked, and he will fall a ready victim to that grasping disease—indifference

Not even the Mussulman has a greater indifference to the haphazard turns of fate than the man of the Bowery who suffers from this indifference. It cannot be called hopelessness, because hopelessness involves a certain amount of mental activity to realize its existence. It is a drifting, sliding to nowhere. All things of life, the parts of life, come to these men in the way of surprises. Their sustenance does not depend on their efforts but merely on their "luck."

What is done to counteract this spreading disease? In a number of lodging house reading rooms the printed cards of St Augustine Chapel in East Houston Street, and of the Broome Street Tabernacle, inviting men to the services, are displayed. At odd times a well-meaning missionary may invade the sitting-rooms to distribute a number of leaflets; and a small band from the Mariners' Temple holds a brief song-service on Sunday afternoon in the sitting room of the Dakota lodging-house. This is all the work for the amelioration of this most discouraging social phase that I have seen in my thirty-odd years on the Bowery. Of course, there are missions and missionary churches, and the men would only have to go to them to be made welcome, but —

We had a "tough" winter last year Work was scarce and snow was plentiful. The snow had to be removed, which gave work to many. Although previous efforts to put "has-beens" to work had resulted disastrously, I made arrangements for a number of men to shovel snow at fair wages. I went from lodging-house to lodging-house, and succeeded, eventually, in getting about half of the required number of men, and they did not come willingly, but had to be coaxed, dragged and driven to work. Yet every sitting-room visited by me was packed to suffocation by men who barely had money enough for that night's lodging, and who should have jumped at the chance of earning an honest dollar. Do you think these men will find sufficient persuasion in the printed card of a church to be drawn to the services? A few might be induced to come if you would offer them a cup of tea and a sandwich with your sermon

Am I wrong in supposing that there is work here among the "has-beens" to turn their "hard life" into a life of righteous usefulness? Nature is balanced well within herself and has a cure for every illness. There must, then, be a remedy for this cancer. But who shall apply it, the church or the state? Most of the men are physically able. If willing to work, why can't they have work? If too lazy to work, why can't we make them work? Is it right that the felon in prison should have his bed, and the shiftless fellow only the street?

The proprietor of a manufacturing plant is very careful that no part of his machinery is permitted to fall into decay without having exhausted all its usefulness But in the lodging-houses of the Bowery, youth and energy—mightiest parts of mighty machinery—are permitted to go to waste. We have vagrancy laws. Hoboes are captured in railroad yards and sent to jail by wholesale, but the city tramp, the sponger on our good-natured carelessness, is permitted to thrive and multiply And lodging houses—clean and respectable—keep increasing: to break no law, but to breed more recruits for the "hard life."

It is a safe prophecy that some day we shall assay this great mass of useless humanity with the acid of honest work and shall sift from it men for the shops and factories and fields, and men for the workhouse The shibboleth of loaferdom, "I can't find work," is long exploded, and it is "up to us" to prove that it is. The day must come when, instead of lodging-houses, we shall erect homes, and when the whine from the junk-heap of human wreckage will change to the clanging anvil-song of honest toil

TALES OF THE ROAD

(Concluded from Page 9)

fingered them over every day and ought to know the prices of them. Here is a line of goods right out of the house from which you have been buying so long. The prices range from nine dollars to twenty-seven dollars a dozen. Will it not be a fair test of your judgment and Johnnie's for you to examine these goods very carefully—everything but the brands, for these would indicate the price—and lay out this line so that the cheaper hats shall be at one end of the bunch and the best ones at the other? Very well! Now just straighten out this line according to price.'

Well, that looks fair to me,' said Williams.

"He and Johnnie went to work to straighten the goods out according to price. They put a nine-dollar hat where a twelve-dollar hat should have been, and vice versa. They put a twenty-four dollar hat where a twenty-four dollar hat belonged, and an eighteen-dollar hat right beside it, indicating that the two were of the same quality. The next hat I handed them was one worth sixteen dollars and a half a dozen. It contained considerable chalk that made it feel smooth After examining the 'sweat,' name and everything they both agreed that this was a twenty-seven dollars a dozen hat. When they did this I said:

"'Gentlemen, I will torture you no longer. Let me preface a few remarks by saying that neither one of you knows a single, solitary, blooming thing about hats. Here is a hat that you say is worth twenty-four dollars a dozen. Look at the brand you have on your own shelves. You have been buying them for six years at eighteen dollars a dozen of this quality. And, what is worse still, here is a hat the price of which you see in plain figures is sixteen dollars and a half, and you say it is worth twenty-seven dollars and a half a dozen'

"The faces of Williams and Johnnie looked as blank as a freshly whitewashed fence. I saw that I had them. Then was the time for me to be bold. A good account was at stake, and at stake right then Besides, my reputation was at stake also, for when a salesman loses a good account it spreads all over his territory, and on account of losing one customer directly he will lose many more indirectly; for merchants will hear of it and on the strength of the information will lose confidence in the line itself. Conversely, if you can knock your competitor out of a good account it is often equal to securing half a dozen more. I did not wish to lose out even for one season, so I said 'Now, look here, Williams, you have bought this other line of goods, and perhaps you feel that you have enough for this season and that you will make the best of a bad bargain. You are satisfied in your own mind, and you have told me as plainly as you ever told me anything in your life, that my goods are better than those you have bought. I am going to tell you one thing now that I would not say in the beginning: that you have bought from a line of samples the goods of which will not equal the samples you have looked at. It is not the samples that you buy, but it is the goods that are delivered to you. Those which will be delivered will not be as good as those you looked at. You know full well that my goods have always come up to samples. You know that they are reliable Why do you wish to change? If you wish to change for the sake of making an additional twenty-five cents on each hat instead of giving it to my firm, why did you not take the hat which I have been selling you all the time and sell it for three dollars, the price you have always been getting for my twenty-four dollars a dozen hats? In that way you would make an additional twenty-five cents. Be logical!

"'If I were a judge and you were brought before me charged with selling the twenty-one dollars a dozen hat that you have bought to take the place of mine (for which I charge you twenty-four dollars a dozen) I would give you a life sentence. Let me tell you, Mr. Williams, a man who is in business, if he expects to remain in the same place a long time, must give good values to his customers. In the course of time they will find out whether or not the stuff he gives them is good or poor. Go into a large establishment with a good reputation and you will find out that they give to the people who come to buy merchandise from them good values. Now, the goods I have sold you have always given your trade satisfaction. Your business in my department is increasing, so you say, and the reason is because you are giving to your customers good values. Why not continue to pursue this same policy? I am in town to do business and to do business to-day. I cannot and I will not take a turndown. If you want to continue to handle my goods you must buy them and buy them right now, even if you do have to take them right on top of the other stuff that you have bought. I shall make no compromise. My price is $1000—more than you have ever bought from me before.'

"'John,' said Williams, turning to his buyer, 'I guess Dickie has us. Give him an order for $1000 and don't let's go chasing wildfire in such a hurry any more.'"

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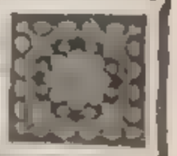

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ROSE OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

Cunningham's hatreds with seriousness. Only this morning he had seen her half strangle a protesting Jani in vehement embrace

"And as for Aunt Rosamond," went on the girl comfortably, "it upsets her even to see the wretched being. That's the reason we keep him to the orchard, you know; her windows look out on the front. I had to tell him—it was an awful moment; he was so hurt and so grand. Then I explained it was on account of poor Captain English, you know. Oh, you know. . . !"

"Do I?" asked the man

"Well, if it amuses you to pretend you don't!"——she snapped back. "Anyhow, Muhammed did. He may be a cutthroat, but there's something of a gentleman about it. He put his hand on his heart and bowed 'The Lady Sahib's wishes are sacred,' he said And I've seen the poor thing hide behind a tree when she is coming'

"Did Lady Gerardine ask you to speak to Muhammed?"

"No. Why do you want to know that?"

"Mere idle curiosity."

"If you knew Aunt Rosamond better you'd understand she'd never say such a thing as that. She keeps everything close. But we all know she does not want to be reminded of things."

He threw back his head with his mirthless laugh.

"Even I know as much by this time, Miss Aspasia. It is perhaps a little difficult for a solitary man to understand you women; but one thing is quite evident. you never do anything heartless or selfish . . . except from excess of feeling"

He could not keep the sneer from his tone, and Baby's quick temper was instantly aflame.

"You never have a good word for Aunt Rosamond," she cried; "but you need not include me in your judgment, I think!"

Bethune laughed again harshly

"I am very hard on Lady Gerardine, am I not?" Then fixing his eyes upon her broodingly: "And, as for you, I hope——"

He did not finish the sentence. But, to her reading, his glance needed no word

"Well, I love the Eastern," said the man, abruptly going back to the origin of the dispute. "He's my trade. He will be the death of me one of these days, no doubt But what of that? Does not the sailor love the sea that will swallow him? And besides, if they weren't always an uncertain quantity where would be the spice of life out there? But I don't like your westernized Eastern."

Aspasia skipped on before.

"Well, we're a pretty queer lot down there, in the Old Ancient House," she cried in her high, merry pipe. "What with the thug plotting—I know he's a thug, whatever you may say, and I know he's plotting"—she gave her companion a challenging blink of her bright eye—" and what with crazy old Mary, who's lived so long in this old hollow that she's positively part of the timber and plaster of the house, and can hear the very stones talk. By the way, she's more creepy than ever now, and swears that her pet ghosts are walking with extra vigor. And what with Jani, running about after aunt, with her dog eyes and poor chattering teeth' Nothing will ever make me believe that Jani has a soul. And then my poor aunt herself, with her hyper-what-you-call-'ems, and Runkle bombarding her with telegrams which she don't even notice, and which I have to answer as best I may—I say," said Aspasia, stopping reflectively, "there will be a fine row, I tell you, soon! For if I know Runkle, he'll pounce, one of these days. And Aunt Rosamond—well, you see for yourself what she is just now. Positively there's only you and I that are sane."

She sprang on again, to look back at him over her shoulder and laugh like a schoolgirl

His eyes sank before hers. Could she have but guessed on the brink of what ignoble madness he—the sane man—was standing!

CHAPTER XX

"HOW rosy you look!" said Lady Gerardine

"I've been driving Major Bethune in the cart. And the pony went like an angel on four legs," said Aspasia

Women's glances are cruelly quick to read the tender secrets of each other's souls. Lady Gerardine's look hardened as she still fixed the girl; her own wounded, inconsequent heart was suddenly aflame with anger against her. Not a fortnight ago had Aspasia been setting flowers before the portrait of Harry English and offering, in passionate love, melodies to that mystic presence. And it had been sufficient that this Bethune's every-day substantiality should show itself for the fickle creature to change allegiance.

They were in the drawing-room awaiting the summons for luncheon. Bethune had not yet appeared. With an air of embarrassment very foreign to her, Baby tossed off her hat and coat and moved restlessly to the piano.

Her fingers strayed unconsciously over the keys from one harmony to another They fell into a familiar theme—the Chopin prelude, with its sobbing rain-beat accompaniment

"Whom is your music addressed to now, Aspasia?" asked Lady Gerardine.

The musician's fingers dropped from the notes

"To nobody that belongs to you!" she cried rudely, with a flare of schoolgirl anger.

Lady Gerardine's gaze was filled with a lightning contempt. She straightened herself and looked at the empty space on the wall where Harry English's portrait had hung

"In truth," she said "my dear, you don't take long to change.'

Quite taken aback, and in a hot rage, Aspasia bounced up from the music stool, but before a coherent word could relieve her, Major Bethune came in upon them

When her anger had somewhat cooled down—never a lengthy process with Aspasia—she began to feel a sort of wonder at herself. What, indeed, had become of the pale, gallant ghost that she had set up to worship in the shrine of her heart?

Bethune wondered, in his blundering, masculine way, what blight had fallen in the little dining-room to render the wontedly harmonious meeting of the three at meals so constrained that day

But when, later, Lady Gerardine and her niece found themselves once more alone the memory of her curious resentment seemed to have faded from the elder woman's mind, to have been erased by a fresh tide of thought as footprints on the sands are washed away by the waves.

Old Mary had been with her in the gloaming; old Mary, with her tender memories of the dead past, her mystic whispers of present hauntings.

"Eh, ma'am, he's been very near to us these days," she said. "Last night, now, I heard his step come down the passage as plain—as plain as ever I heard anything. I always knew his step among a thousand, ma'am, from a child; a clean, clear step, with never a slur nor a slouch; not as most people walk"

"Oh, Mary," cried Lady Gerardine, a thrill, half exquisite, half terrible, running through her, "why does he come back now?"

"Why, ma'am, it's because of you, I'm thinking," said the old woman simply. "You're just calling him back to you."

"Oh, Mary!"

"Does that frighten you, ma'am? Doesn't it make you glad? Why, the other evening, they had not lit the lamps yet in the hall, and I felt him pass me—his own presence, just as I feel yours there. Nothing of the grave, of the cold about it, but warm comfort—Heaven's warmth. Oh, God is good, ma'am! He makes all easy."

"God is good," said Rosamond to herself, weighing the words, as she sat alone. "Is God good?"

And within her some voice of truth answered her: answered that God had been good, even to her; had meant well with her; very well, even in her bereavement, could she but have taken His ruling as these women of Harry's old home.

Thus, when she was found by Aspasia, there was no room in her heart for any lesser thought

CHAPTER XXI

WITH hands clasped behind his back, head bent, absorbed in thought, the black fan of his beard spreading over the black broadcloth on his breast, the cross folds of the turban startlingly exotic on top of the fluttering sable garments—the latter pathetically European in intention—an incongruous figure under these bare, placid, English fruit trees, Muhammed Saif-u-din came full upon Raymond Bethune.

The sodden grass of the long-neglected road had swallowed the sound of their footsteps. For once the Pathan was shaken out of his Oriental calm for a brief moment as, suddenly looking up, he found himself within a yard of the officer of the guides

The guest of the Old Ancient House had strolled out by himself to smoke a solitary, meditative pipe in the wild avenue. Seeing Muhammed's flaming headgear, he had deliberately directed his steps toward him; for Bethune would not have been that self that India had made him had he not felt instinctively lured into the company of the Eastern, all degenerate as he chose to consider him Moreover, the personality of Sir Arthur's secretary baffled him, and Bethune resented being baffled. He fixed his eye keenly upon the Pathan, turned baboo

"Your soul is in the East, Muhammed," said he, addressing him in his own tongue.

The dark face opposite relaxed into a smile, the white teeth flashed, Muhammed made the suppie Indian salaam

"Nay, your honor, my soul is in great England," he said, and would have passed on. But the other arrested him somewhat peremptorily. Muhammed wheeled back and brought his hand to the edge of his turban with a gesture that betrayed the soldier.

Under Bethune's long, scrutinizing look the thin face fell into deep lines of gravity; the large dark eyes, somewhat restless as a rule in their brilliancy, gazed back straight and full. The Englishman's heart kindled as the unconquered spirit of the Pathan seemed to rear itself to meet the cold domination of the conquering race. There was nothing of revolt in the man's look, yet something untamable, he thought. And it pleased him hugely. His mind leaped back to his own "devils of boys" on the mountain sides—eagles and leopards of humanity as compared with the domestic animals. He ran a loving glance over the Indian's muscular yet lithe proportions

"How comes it, oh, son of the mountain," cried he, "that you are not among the Emperor of India's warriors? How come you to bend those eyes over screed and parchment?"

The florid Oriental language came oddly enough in stiff, abrupt British accents from the officer's tongue. The flowing guttural which replied was in marked contrast'

"I have heard it said," answered the secretary, without moving a muscle of his countenance, "that the pen is mightier than the sword."

A sneer, aimed at the Lieutenant-Governor's literary production, trembled on Bethune's lips, but he prudently suppressed it.

"You cannot deceive me, friend," cried he abruptly; then: "You have flown with the birds of battle and heard the cannon roar and thought the smell of the powder sweet."

Again the Pathan smiled; and Bethune, watching him, was stirred, he knew not why as by a glimpse of something at once immeasurably fierce and immeasurably sad.

"Sir," said Muhammed in slow, deliberate English, "I have seen many things; and no man knows where his fate leads him.'

"Oh, no doubt!" said Bethune, laughing not very pleasantly. He was irritated with the fellow's impenetrability and his own inability to deal with it.

"And so Fate has brought you to a wealthy master," said he tauntingly; "and you think that this scribbling business will prove worth your while. 'Tis certainly an odd job for a Pathan! . . . I trust well paid?"

"I sought the post, sir," said Muhammed. "My master, since he is to be called my master" (a sudden fire leaped and died in his eyes), "will no doubt pay me what he owes me. When I come into my own country again it may be I shall have found it worth my while"

To this the officer made no reply. After a second's pause Muhammed lifted his hand to his brow once more and moved away on the noiseless turf Bethune turned to watch the swing of the strange figure through the trees.

"Greed for money, and wily determination to get to lucrative posts in life—ambition to play the European—or—what?" No motive that his sober common-sense could accept as a plausible alternative. Yes, his previous impression had been correct: nothing but a desire for self-advancement—nothing but greed and an Eastern cleverness to seek opportunities—animated that splendid bronze, after all! A disappointing specimen to one who loved the warrior race; a specimen of the westernized Eastern—degenerate leopard, with the spirit eliminated and the wiliness twice developed, according to the law of Nature that so often strengthens one attribute by the elimination of another.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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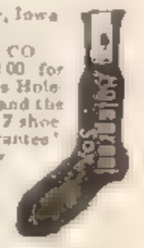

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THE READING TABLE

Mr. Santa Claus

He isn't so mysterious-like as once he used to be,
His doin's ain't so wonderful as what they wuz to me
The stories of his reindeer team a-whizzin' down the hill
Don't give me, like they used to do, that lovely, shiv'ry thrill.
Perhaps I know him better now, or, maybe, not so well.
And p'raps, as in some other things, the years have broke the spell;
Old Time, I'm 'fraid, has drawn away the curtains and the gauze,
I see him plain—but love him yet—old Mr. Santa Claus.

The night that brings the Christmas in is short as others now,
And doesn't last a million years as once it did, I vow;
The wind that blows on Christmas Eve around the chimbley flue,
And rattles bits of plaster down, ain't him a-scramblin' through;
The rustle down along the eaves, the patter on the roof,
Is jest the snow or rain and not a prancin' little hoof;
That queer small noise off in the dark is jest a mouse that gnaws,
And not you, tuggin' at your pack—old Mr. Santa Claus.

I know what's in the stockin's now afore I go to sleep,
And ain't afraid you'll take it back if I should dare to peep;
The Christmas trees ain't trimmed no more with silver lace and gold,
It's only tinsel paper now, and I know where it's sold.
But, jest the same, I swear by you, as does this little chap
That comes to have your story told and curl up in my lap.
In spite of age, and common-sense, and books, and facts, and laws,
I know you come round every year—old Mr. Santa Claus.

You come to give this hard old world one hearty, kindly shove
That wakes it from its dreams of cash to fairy tales and love.
You come to move the wheels of work from out their grindin' rut,
And open wide the pocketbooks that, other times, are shut;
To brighten up the childish hearts, and lighten old ones, too,
And make the rich and poor, for once, be brothers, thanks to you.
And so when you come on your rounds I'll lead the glad applause,
And say, "God bless you!" till I die—old Mr. Santa Claus.

—*Joseph C. Lincoln.*

Measuring Space

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, who occasionally visits country schools in the Hoosier State, once gave a brief address on the subject of the stars. At the conclusion of his interesting talk he said:

Can any of you boys tell me what space is?

The bright-faced young son of a country editor promptly raised his hand.

"Well, my lad," said the poet, "what do you think space is?"

"Twenty five cents an agate line for display matter, sir," he piped out.

Short Sight and Short Temper

PRESIDENT HADLEY, of Yale, relates an amusing story of an absent-minded student who was extremely near-sighted. One day while walking in the country the young man ran up against a cow. Mistaking the animal for a lady, he raised his hat.

"I humbly beg your pardon, madam!" he said. "It was all my fault, I assure you."

When he discovered his mistake he became more absorbed than ever. Within a few minutes after that incident, which he thought had been closed forever, he tripped and severely jostled a lady who was crossing the road. Raising his hand defiantly, he called out savagely:

"Confound you! Is that you again, you miserable brute?"

The Real Squeers

I RECENTLY read in a newspaper an account of the death of the man who furnished Dickens with the character of Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. He was described as "a mild, scholarly man," but I happen to know that Dickens did not exaggerate.

I was a very small boy when Nicholas Nickleby was being issued for the first time, in monthly parts. In fact I was at that time a scholar at a large school in Yorkshire, situated within a mile or so of the veritable Dotheboys Hall. The boys of the two schools went to the same church together. The real name of Squeers was Sowerby, and the statements made by Dickens were pretty near the truth, as we boys knew who were in such close contact with the Squeers boys once a week.

We were known as "Simpson's lads," they as "Sowerby's boys." Observing as we did the starved condition of the other boys we used to pocket "hunks" of suet pudding and "chunks" of good bread and take them to church to pass to our hungry neighbors as we marched upstairs beside them.

The great treat of their lives came to the Sowerby boys on Sundays, when they were given half a salt herring and a boiled potato for dinner. If Dickens had seen the poor scarecrows dressed for church he would have done better with his description of the use of the wardrobes required by the prospectus.

A part of the farm belonging to our school adjoined Sowerby's place at a small "nut gill," or little ravine with a stream running through it, which divided the properties. Hazelnut bushes lined both sides of the gill, and there Simpson's lads were allowed to gather all the nuts they could find and save them for winter use. At nut-gathering time Sowerby would patrol his side of the gill, having a heavy dog-whip in his hand, and accompanied by a half-starved bulldog, which he would try to set on the lads. The dog was acquainted with us because we carried food to him, and when ordered to "sick 'um" he would chase across, wagging his tail in expectation of "grub." As we always went in squads of twelve or twenty, we had no fear of Sowerby.

The picture of Dotheboys Hall drawn by Dickens ruined the business of all the Yorkshire schools, and on my return home I was asked if I were not glad to leave the beautiful place in which I had spent four happy years. But from my actual knowledge of the creature who supplied the character of Squeers, the idea of his being "a mild, scholarly gentleman" is too great a libel on the fair fame of Dickens to be allowed to pass uncontradicted.

—*John Dalziel.*

My Classmate Sheffield

(*Concluded from Page 11*)

"I think he was flattering me," Sheffield said to the girl. She shook her head. "No," said she; "I think you surprised us both. Were you frightened? I hope not."

"I was mistaken, not frightened," she answered. "Of course, my concocting such a joke is unforgivable. Even if you should forgive me I am sure that Peter Cross never will."

Sheffield, following her lead, urged his horse into a trot over the dusty trail. "I quite freely forgive you," he said; "or, better, I can tell you that there is nothing to forgive. It is necessary that I go back to New York to-morrow, but you may be sure that I am not unappreciative of New Mexico. Perhaps a man realizes his own proportions in a country where proportions are so large; it is certain that I have accomplished here a remarkable stunt for a man who is over thirty—I have acquired a new point of view. Yesterday I was sitting just outside the dining-room window ——"

"Oh," exclaimed Nan in a soft tone of pity and remorse. "I am so, so sorry."

"No," Sheffield protested in firm denial. "About me you and your sister were quite right. I have been needing to hear the things that you have said—needing it badly for a long, long time."

The girl did not answer, and they covered a mile of desert before Sheffield spoke again.

"Do you mind walking a minute? I want to roll a cigarette," said he. "Of course, when I attacked your cow-punching friend I was playing the charlatan," he went on as if there had been no interruption in the conversation. "I knew the guns weren't loaded. I don't want you to think I am a braver man than I am, you understand. And quite honestly, I tell you that I know I was a legitimate victim of all the wiles by which you trapped me—the typical Western girl, the story and all the rest. Your sister accused you of violating decent hospitality, I think she called it, but it was only fair that you should get back at me for being a rather difficult and unappreciative guest."

"It is too bad," said the girl shortly. "It was unkind and stupid and too bad."

Sheffield burned his fingers on his cigarette and cast it from him. "I am going to venture to tell you something. It is a dangerous thing to tell you at this moment when you doubtless still believe that I am conceited and satisfied and affected. But it is this: I believe a man gets what he goes after. It has been my fault that I have dropped into conventions and ruts and little cozy corners of self-sufficiency; and yet those things for which I have really striven—well, I remember of getting the prizes and places of honor that I really wanted when I was in college. A man sets his eyes upon something he really wants and then he goes after it tooth and nail, bending every energy toward that end, and after a time he gets that thing because he deserves it, and because he isn't too much of a coward to ask for it and say 'by the fibre of my body and the meat of my brain I have earned this thing, and it is mine.'"

The girl was looking straight at him. "Yes," said she; "that is splendid. I believe that it is true."

"There is the corral," said Sheffield.

Nan laughed—a little forced laugh. "We shall have to amuse ourselves for the rest of the day," she announced. "Nat and Ethel have gone to the town."

Sheffield jumped off his pony just at the corral gate.

"Wait a minute," said he, standing at her horse's shoulder. "Don't get down. Let me tell you I believe a man gets what he goes for and deserves. The possibility of winning is generally very great. But that we don't care for. When a thing seems eternally indispensable we fight for it harder because it is not a superfluous, temporary thing, but a grim necessity—something we must have, something we must earn and deserve, and win and keep. Then the conventions or the little precedents of ordinary life—the life I lead in New York—are puny, silly, little barriers. We want the thing and we must get it."

"And the thing?"

"What's the use? It is you. To deserve you, to win you, to get you!"

When Tower and his wife came home Sheffield was sitting on the porch reading a novel.

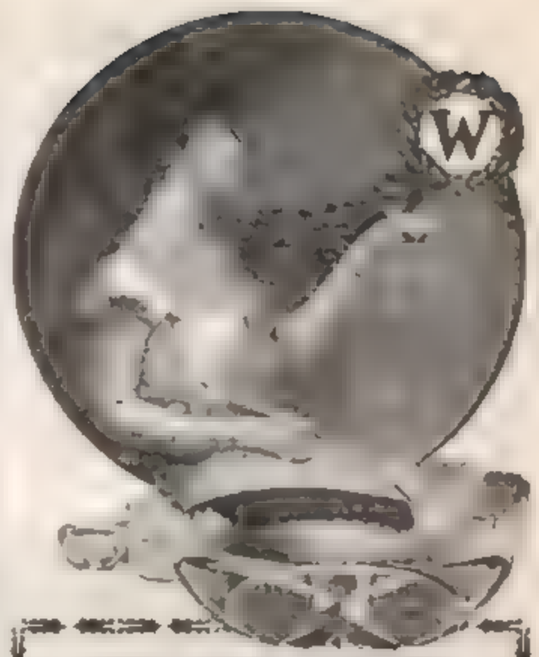
"Hello," said Nat. "I've just made the last shipment of sheep. I'm sorry I've been so busy while you were here. What have you been doing to-day?"

The editor looked up with the bland smile that his friends always recognize as a signal of some harmless mischief. "For one thing, I've become engaged to Nan," he said calmly.

"Engaged to Nan!" they echoed.

"Isn't it comic?" he queried vulgarly.

Sheffield is really a very decent fellow—he was a classmate of mine. He is better since he married Nan Hood, and some of those who like him say his magazine has become a hundred per cent. better. His whole constitution was well stirred up when he visited the West, and the greatest surprise of all was when he found that Nan came from New York and had lived all her life with her aunt on Washington Square.



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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN — A few out of the many juveniles that crowd the booksellers' shelves.

¶ This year's output of juveniles is notable for two things — an appreciable improvement in quality and the decline of the sham historical romance. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a delicate and spiritual story of child-life in The Closed Room *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*, with decorated margins and illustrations in color by Jessie Willcox Smith, but it is really a book about children rather than for them. Another little girl who becomes known to us is Marjorie Fleming, born just a hundred years ago, and long loved as the winsome "mardie" of her own family and the "bonnie wee croodlin doo" of Sir Walter Scott. She only lived to be nine years old, but those few seasons were enough to leave her "the immortal child" of all literature and "the most attractive of whom record has been written." In Marjorie Fleming, The Story of Pet Marjorie *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*, by L. McBean and Dr. John Brown, we now have the story of her life, and her journals and letters, hitherto unpublished.

Frankly a child's book is Babes in Toyland, by Glen MacDonough and Anna Alice Chapin *(Fox, Duffield & Co.)*. The pictures — full-page plates in color, and decorations in pen-and-ink — are by Ethel Franklin Betts, and excellent both in design and reproduction, though they still bear the imprint of that powerful personality to which all Mr. Pyle's pupils testify. Alice in Wonderland was such a convenient literary device that in books for children it promises to become a convention permanently with the convenient kingdom of Transylvania, just across the border and of nowhere in romances of adventure. It's the wonderland of dream and to which Winifred Agnes Holbrune takes her young readers in The Dream Bag *(Laird & Lee)*, and there they meet a really charming gentleman in the person of the Moon man who shows them many a marvel. In the same class, too — that is, the class for the youngest readers — is Kenyon Cox's Mixed Beasts *(Fox, Duffield & Co.)*, wherein the artist and author tells of and pictures such terrible creatures as the Welsh Rabbitern:

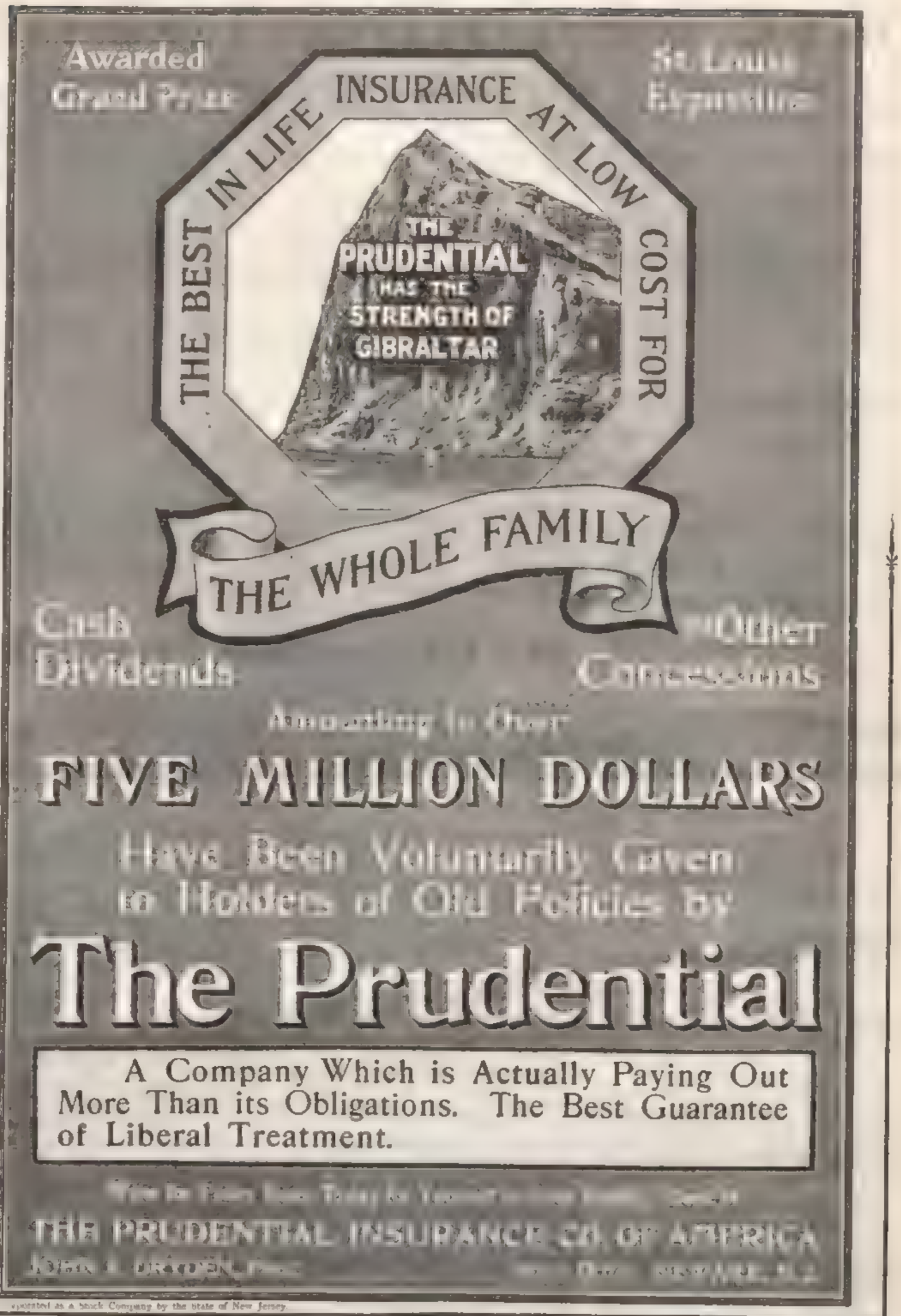
> This is a very fearsome beast
> Who roosts upon the chimney-pots at night
> With metal claws and yellow glare,
> He flies away at morning light.

Whereby it will be seen that older people may meet unpleasant acquaintances even in the innocent-seeming books which they must read aloud to their children

Another juvenile that might be read aloud with profit by parents is Goop Tales, by Gelett Burgess *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*. These goops would all be amiable if it were not for some particular vice of conduct. This little goop is always good, but she won't go to bed; that little goop would be a delight to Dissenters if his table-manners weren't so sassy — and so it goes. The verse is bright and the drawings grotesquely amusing.

W. W. Denslow has so firmly established himself as a maker of books for the youngest readers that he becomes part and parcel of the Christmas season to which, this year, he contributes The Scarecrow and the Tin Man *(G. W. Dillingham)*, being the further adventures of some of this writer's familiar creations, illustrated in his familiar manner. Nor does that end his holiday labors, for it is Mr. Denslow who appears as the collaborator of Paul West in The Pearl and the Pumpkin *(G. W. Dillingham)*, a very modern fairy story with more Denslow pictures.

Nowadays, when young people begin their theatre-going at an age so much earlier than the small boy could in the days of their parents, it is not long before their imitative instinct demands a little play-acting on their own part, and this Georgiana Goddan King has sought to meet in Comedies and Legends for Marionettes *(The Macmillan Company)*. There is a chapter on the construction of a toy theatre and seven plays adapted thereto, the whole making a book that would please the human boy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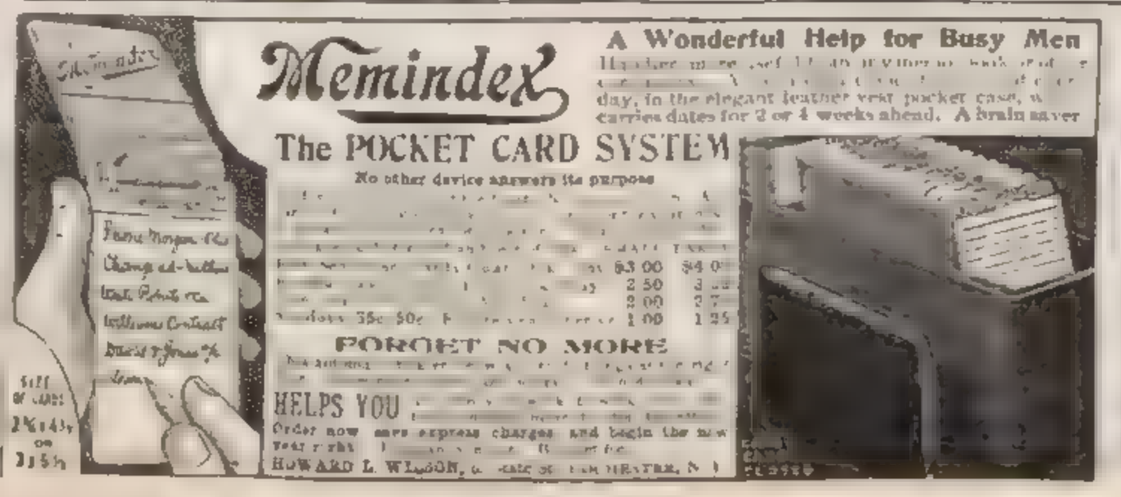

JONES

(Continued from Page 5)

her screaming for a man! I think Eleanor has already gone a tremendous way in just hinting——"

"You may be right," he said pathetically; "but then you may also be wrong. The risk is too terrible for me to run. It will comfort me all my life to think that perhaps she does love me in secret!"

"Do you mean to say you're going to give it all up?" I roared.

"You needn't get so warm about it," he returned. "After all, I have some justification in thinking she doesn't care."

"What on earth do you suppose she invited you for, then?"

"Well, it would be different," he said, "if I had a note from her—a flower—some little tender reminder of those dear old dead days in the Pullman!"

"She's saving up all that for Morristown," I said.

For the first time in our acquaintance Doctor Jones looked at me with suspicion. His blue eyes clouded. He was growing a little restive under my handling.

"You seem to make the matter a very personal one," he observed.

"Well, I love Freddy," I explained. "It naturally brings your own case very close to me. And then I am so positive that you love Eleanor and that Eleanor loves you. Put yourself in my place, Doctor! Do you mean that you'd do nothing to bring two such noble hearts together?"

He seized my hand and wrung it effusively. He really *did* love Eleanor, you know. The only fault with him was his being so darned humble about it. He was eaten up with a sense of his own inferiority. And yet I could see he was just tingling to go to Morristown. Of course, I crowded him all I could, but the best that I could accomplish was his promise to "think it over." I hated to leave him wobbling, but patients were scuffling at the door and fighting on the stairs.

The next thing I did was to get Freddy on the long-distance 'phone.

"Freddy," I said, after explaining the situation, "you must get Eleanor to telegraph to him direct!"

"What's the good of asking what she won't do?" bubbled the sweet little voice.

"Can't you persuade her?"

"I know she won't do it!"

"Then you must forge it," I said desperately. "It needn't be anything red-hot, you know. But something tender and sincere: 'Shall be awfully disappointed if you don't come,' or, 'There was a time when you would not have failed me!'"

"It's impossible."

"Then he won't budge a single inch!"

"Ezra?"

"Darling!"

"Suppose I just signed the telegram Van Coort?"

"The very thing!"

"If he misunderstood it—I mean if he thought it really came from Eleanor—there couldn't be any fuss about it afterward, could there?"

"And, of course, you'll send the official invitation from Mrs. Matthewman besides?"

"For Saturday?"

"Yes, Saturday!"

"And *you'll* come?"

"Just watch me!"

"Ezra, are you happy?"

"That depends on Jones."

"Oh, isn't it exciting?"

"I have the ring in my pocket——"

"But touch wood, won't you?"

"Freddy?"

"Yes——"

"What's the matter with getting some forget-me-nots and mailing them to Jones in an envelope?"

"All right, I'll attend to it. Eighteen ninety-two Eighth Avenue, isn't it?"

"Be sure it *is* forget-me-nots, you know. Don't mix up the language of flowers, and send him one that says: 'I'm off with a handsomer man,' or, 'You needn't come round any more!'"

"Oh, Ezra, Eleanor is really getting quite worked up!"

"So am I!"

"Wouldn't it be perfectly splendid if—— Switch off quick, here's aunt coming!"

"Mayn't I even say I love you?"

"I daren't say it back, Ezra—she's calling."

"But *do* you?"

"Yes, unfortunately——"

"Why unfortun——?"

Buzz-buzz-swizzleum-bux-bux!—Aunt had cut us off. However, short as my little talk with Freddy had been, it brightened my whole day.

Late the same afternoon, I went back to Doctor Jones. I was prepared to find him uplifted, but I hadn't counted on his being maudlin. The fellow was drunk, positively drunk—with happiness. His tongue ran on like a mill-stream. I had to sit down and have the whole Pullman-car episode inflicted on me a second time. I was shown the receipt-slip. I was shown the telegram from Eleanor. I was shown with a whoop the forget-me-nots! Then he was going on Saturday? I asked. He said he guessed it would take an earthquake to keep him away, and a pretty big earthquake, too! . . . Oh, it was a great moment, and all the greater because I was tremendously worked up, too. I saw Freddy floating before me, my sweet, girlish, darling Freddy, holding out her arms . . . while Jones gassed and gassed and gassed. . . .

I left him taking phenacetin for his headache.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE CHEERFUL GIVERS

(Continued from Page 7)

voice' to the little girl. And I should have a woolly lamb sticking out of a pocket and a rocking-horse in my arms."

"'It was a bitter night—the shoppers were hurrying homeward,'" chanted Anne.

"'Ah! a little child in the snow!'"

"'Oh, sir, where is Santa Claus?'" Anne wailed.

"'"It's Helen's child!" he cried brokenly, taking the little form in his arms.'"

"Instead of all that——" laughed Anne hopelessly. She broke off suddenly and turned to a miserable child slinking along beside us.

"Dear, are you looking for Santa Claus, too?"—in her lady-angel voice.

"Ah, ferget it, lady! I'm on! You don't get me to bite on that. I'm lookin' fer de boss' cigarette snipe."

"Serves you jolly well right, Anne," said I severely, "for doing 'kind lady' in that perfectly offensive way."

"Horrid little boy!" she commented crossly. "Let's take the car. I'm tired to death."

. . . . . .

"See here," said I with decision the day before Christmas, "I can't do it. It may be piggish and all that, but I don't much care. I've always wanted one like it, anyhow."

"I suppose you mean the squatty tobacco-jar," remarked Anne with insight too shrewd for an innocent mind, "and that you can't give it to Mr. Appleby. It is piggish—awfully. Since you've mentioned the subject, I don't mind saying that I can't part with the lace I'd intended for Lily. I have to have one for my hair—the knitted shawl won't do for that. I've never felt as if I ought to buy such a pretty one for myself, but now I've got it——"

"What shall you give her, then, Anne?"

"I don't know—I hate to shift the presents. If I begin that I'll get so confused. I must try to think of something I don't want so very much myself."

"Send her a book you've had for a long time, and put on the front page: 'With the hope that this little book, which has meant so much to me, may,' etc.—that always takes beautifully. Be sure to call it 'little book'—it sounds more intimate."

"You can't fool Lily that way," said Anne darkly. "What are you going to give——"

"Appleby? Cigars. I don't care much for cigars, you know."

As I think of it now, it seems to me we never bought so many interesting and valuable gifts in our lives as we did that holiday season. To let them go was agony to us. Ingenuously we set them about our little apartment to "see how they looked." The conviction of their elegance was so strong that in three separate instances we hadn't the

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heart—or the generosity—to remove them. A beautiful pewter plate no Christmastide on earth could have wrested from our dining-room shelf. And to this day I've bitterly regretted letting my Aunt Julia actually get the copper kettle we bought for her.

Every hour or so Anne would rush into my study—where I was frantically trying to write things to pay for what we were giving away—with: "My dear, do you know we've *completely forgotten* Cousin Charley?" or, "Don't you think we *ought* to give poor little Miss Jones *some*thing? She was *so* good to your uncle when he was ill."

We bought presents for the servants—beautiful presents. We bought them for little selfish boys, and nasty, rude, little girls—because they were related to us. We bought them for people who unquestionably were going to buy presents for us, we feared. We bought aprons for snuffy old ladies who, so they shamelessly asserted, had once given us a bath when we were six days old. We lavished tobacco on dirty old men because they blacked our fathers' boots years ago. We laid in several extra presents in case of a sudden rush of the Christmas spirit to our hearts. And most of these we laboriously carried home in our arms, fearful lest the shops might not deliver them.

"Time was," grumbled Anne, "when you could order the things sent at once to their ultimate destination. Nowadays if you did that you'd get into a dreadful mess. Think of sending a handkerchief with the sale tag in the package—thirty cents. You'd feel like it."

"Think of our lamp that's coming," I repeatedly encouraged.

Anne grew so obsessed with it all that, of an evening, when she seemed sane enough over a book, she would break into strange mutterings: "I suppose I'll have to give her *something*—but it won't be *much!* What she gave *me* last year——"

The afternoon before Christmas she came in breathless. I hastily thrust out of sight a package. She hastily concealed one somewhere about her person. We pretended not to notice.

"What do you think! I nearly forgot Effie Jackson! Wasn't that awful? Poor Effie! I thought of her at the last minute—I happened to see a child's tea-set."

"Singular coincidence," I returned interestedly. "Did you buy it for her?"

"She's so fond of picnics, you know," Anne dashed on; "so I bought her this little candlestick."

"It never had occurred to me that a candlestick would be especially adapted to a picnic, unless, of course, you had it in a tomb. Some picnics——"

"Who said anything about picnics in tombs?" inquired Anne abstractedly. "I've bought a candlestick for Effie—not a picnic, or a graveyard."

"So I gathered. My, what an unpleasant candlestick! I see now why it suggested picnics."

"It doesn't suggest picnics," cried Anne loudly. She held in her hand a red metal snake sitting on some coils of tail. In its head she was fitting a red candle. "I never have seen one like it."

"Neither have I, thank Heaven!" I ejaculated piously.

"You're not at all funny—Effie will like it."

"I hope so—poor Effie!"

Anne moved restlessly about the room, each time coming back to the candlestick with a violent comment directed toward me. I took no part.

"It's a *nice* candlestick . . . It will *please* her—she'll know it's just a *remembrance* . . . It was *only* seventy-five cents . . . *I* like it . . . I think you're *horrid!* . . . I *know* it's ugly! But I *had* to get her something . . . Well, it'll *have* to do, that's all . . . What do *you* think? . . . It's *terrible*, isn't it? . . . Oh, I *can't* give it to her! She'll *have* to have the little books of poetry I saw, but I *hated* to spend the money on them. We can give it to *some*body. Oh, dear, we'll *never* give it away! It'll always be around the house—it's too *good* to throw away! It serves me right!"

I might add that the red snake is still one of our loathed possessions.

. . . . . .

Well, it *was* fun doing up the presents and sending them away. The litter of ribbons and strings and tissue-paper gave the place a festive air. "Do you know, Anne," said I, hastily tying up a gift we particularly coveted, "I believe I like to give things almost entirely to see how the people I give them to are going to act when they get them."

Anne looked up gratefully. "You know, I've felt that way, too, but I never dared say it. Somehow it doesn't sound quite—quite traditional, does it?"

"But, after all, the result is the same."

"You mean if they're glad or mad you feel glad or mad, too."

"Yes—glad I gave it, or mad because I did."

"'Tisn't orthodox," decided Anne.

"Anyhow, that's the way most people feel, I'll bet."

. . . . . .

"Christmas *is* nice, isn't it?" smiled Anne over the coffee Christmas evening.

"Rather!"

"Do you *really* like what I gave you?"

"I'm infatuated with it. Do you——"

"Yes, I think they're perfectly heavenly. But if you didn't really like it would you ever admit——"

"No," said I candidly, "I wouldn't; would you?"

"I'm glad it isn't another gun."

"I'm awfully happy. I hope the people we've given things to realize how happy we are—now that it's off our minds."

"Yes. I don't mind the presents we got at all; not even the calendar from Henderson and his wife. You always expect calendars. But I must say it would have been more respectful to his aunt if they'd taken out her card to them before they passed it on to us. 'With love from Aunt Sarah' is gilding the lily, I think," Anne went on sweetly.

"What's that package up there on the shelf?" I inquired suddenly.

"Oh, I forgot—it came for you."

I opened it greedily. Then I blushed the hot blush of shame. It was a green tobacco-jar from Appleby—the exact counterpart of the one I had kept. "Saw you looking at it one day, and so I thought——" ran his note.

"It ought to teach you a lesson," said Anne piously.

"*Me* a lesson! What of *you?*"

"I? Oh, I gave Lily the lace, after all." Anne's tone was of honeyed righteousness.

"Virtuous prig!" said I hotly.

Anne smiled loftily. "I should think our lamp would come—if it's coming," she remarked, later.

"You don't know any lamp is coming," I retorted crossly, the two green jars leering at my conscience.

"Of course it is: I know. There—listen!"

At that instant there was a banging on the stairs and a beating at our doors. Two burly creatures dragged in a huge monument in burlap. We stared at it suspiciously.

"It's yours. That's your name, ain't it?" growled one of them.

"It was," said I cautiously; "but I have given away so much this Christmas that accidentally I may have——"

The burly creatures stamped out. Something told us to beware. We gingerly pulled off the burlap shirt from the Object. When it was finally stripped to the skin there it stood, six feet in its stockings! A great, gaudy, gilt cabinet—painted, beflowered, and bedecked with Cupids! It had a roundish stomach with silly doors in the front whereon weak-kneed boys, their ambling legs tied up with ribbons, disported with wooden-faced maidens. There were arrogant plate-glass shelves for things we didn't possess. It must have cost a cruel amount. And it was about as nicely adapted to our home as a fire-engine.

Anne and I stood hopelessly and gaped at the naked, shining monster.

"What have we done to deserve this?" said I sternly.

"What—what'll we *do* with it?" said Anne at last in a subdued voice.

I shook my head. "Why don't you find out who *sent* it?" I asked dully.

"I know," she answered, hanging her head for shame.

"Mrs. Knickerbocker? But—but the lamp?"

"I—I thought——"

"Great Heavens! have we got to *live* with it?" I cried miserably.

Anne was reading the card. "'My little gift—A very merry Christmas—to you ——.'"

"'And your charming husband,'" I finished grimly.

Anne was laughing hysterically.

"What's the matter? Why do you laugh?" I cried. "Have you no higher sensibilities than to giggle before this—this—gilded sepulchre? *Lamp! Look* at it!"

"I—I—I'm thinking of the little po—po—poem you'll have to do," Anne gasped out convulsively.

Competition—

"The desire for big deposits," said one bank president, "even though they reduce the bank's profits, and often result in a direct loss, is the cause of all the trouble. No sooner is one offender in this respect got rid of, and the associated banks relieved of a dangerous and unwise competitor for business, than another seems only too ready and anxious to take its place. The worst of it is, that in times of panic and monetary stringency it is these reckless and greedy competitors that squeal first, that are the first to feel the squeeze, and lie down on the associated banks, who have to carry them in order to prevent further panic."

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